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MOTORBOOTY

BIG KISS!
I'M HIP!
LOVE DOGS M.C.
LOVE DOGS M.C.
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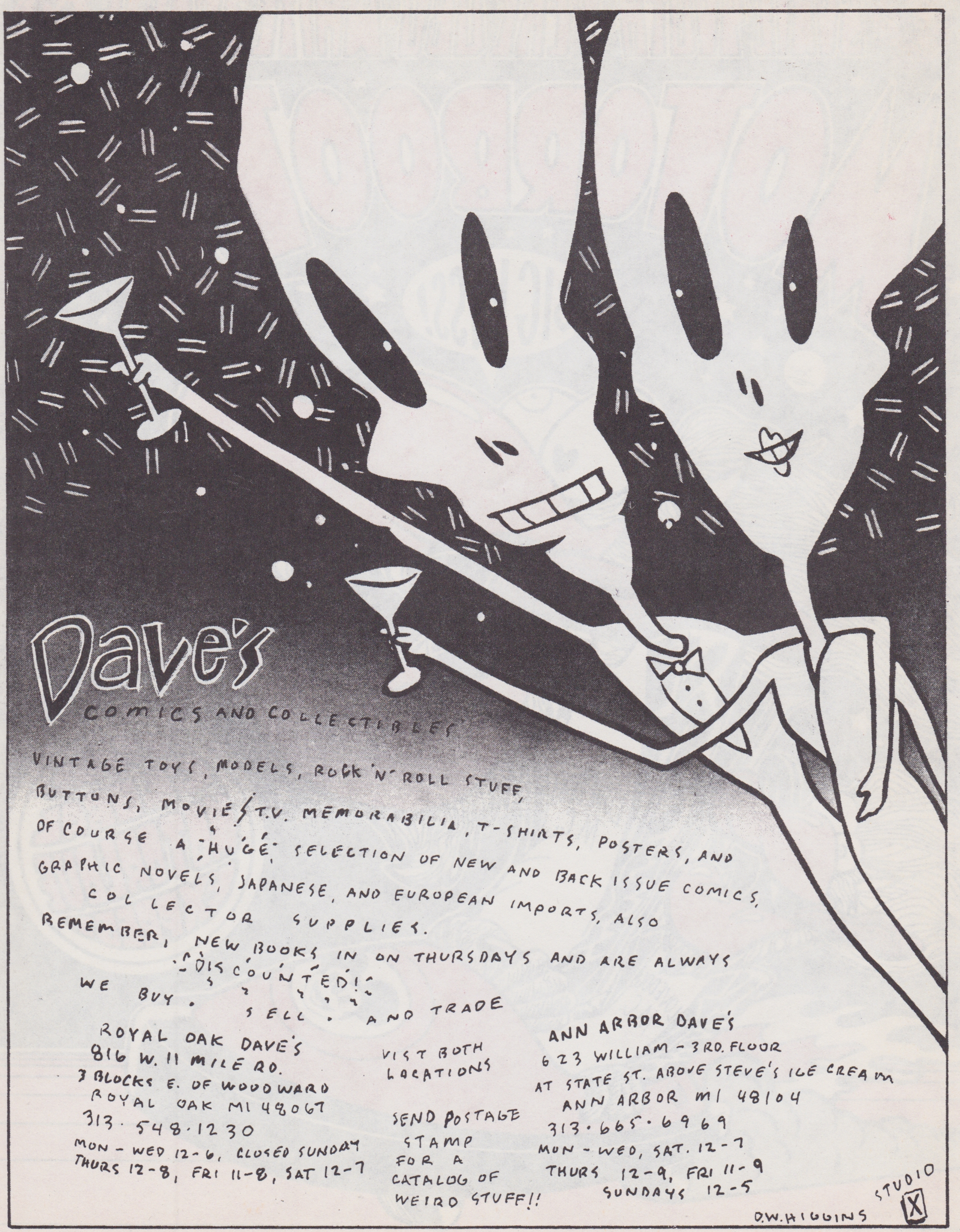

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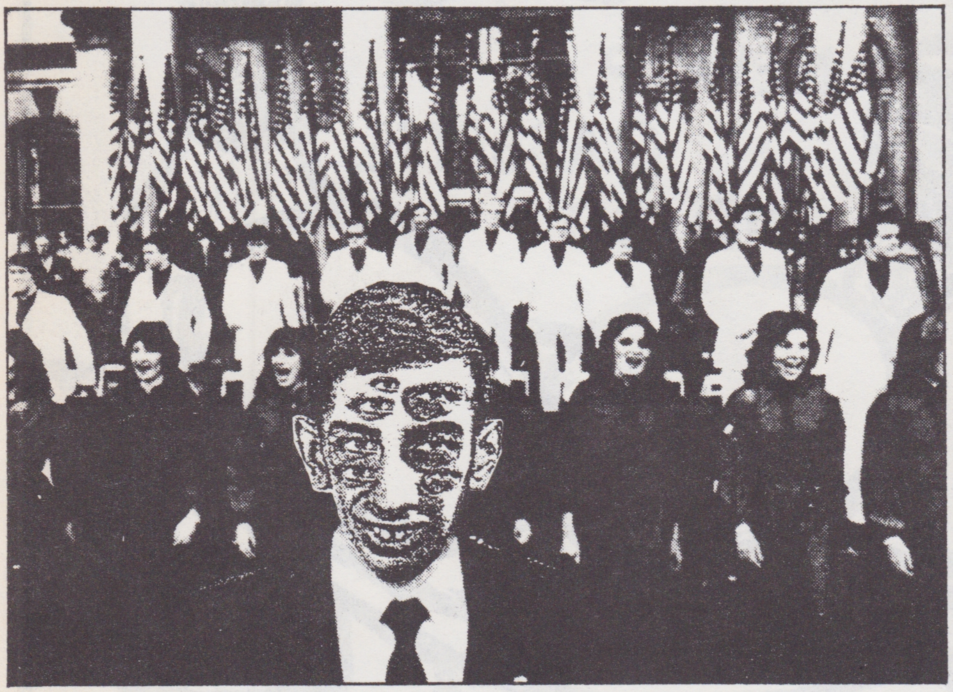
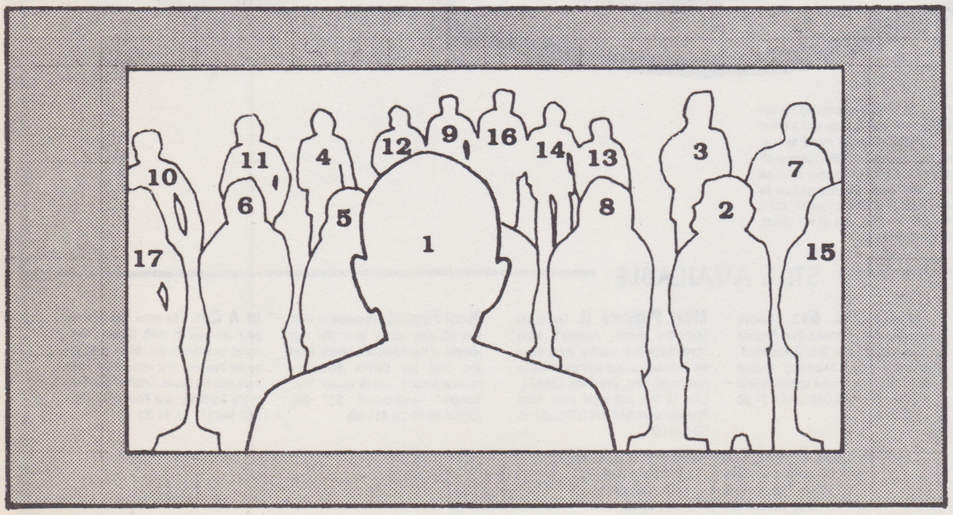
MOTORBOOTY
MAGAZINE

NUMBER
TWO

"The last best hope of the culturally clueless"





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BACK ISSUES

Copies of MOTORBOOTY #1, an outrage and embarassment to Wire, Breaking Circus, The Necros, The Laughing Hyenas, and the staff, are still available for a mere two bills from the address below.

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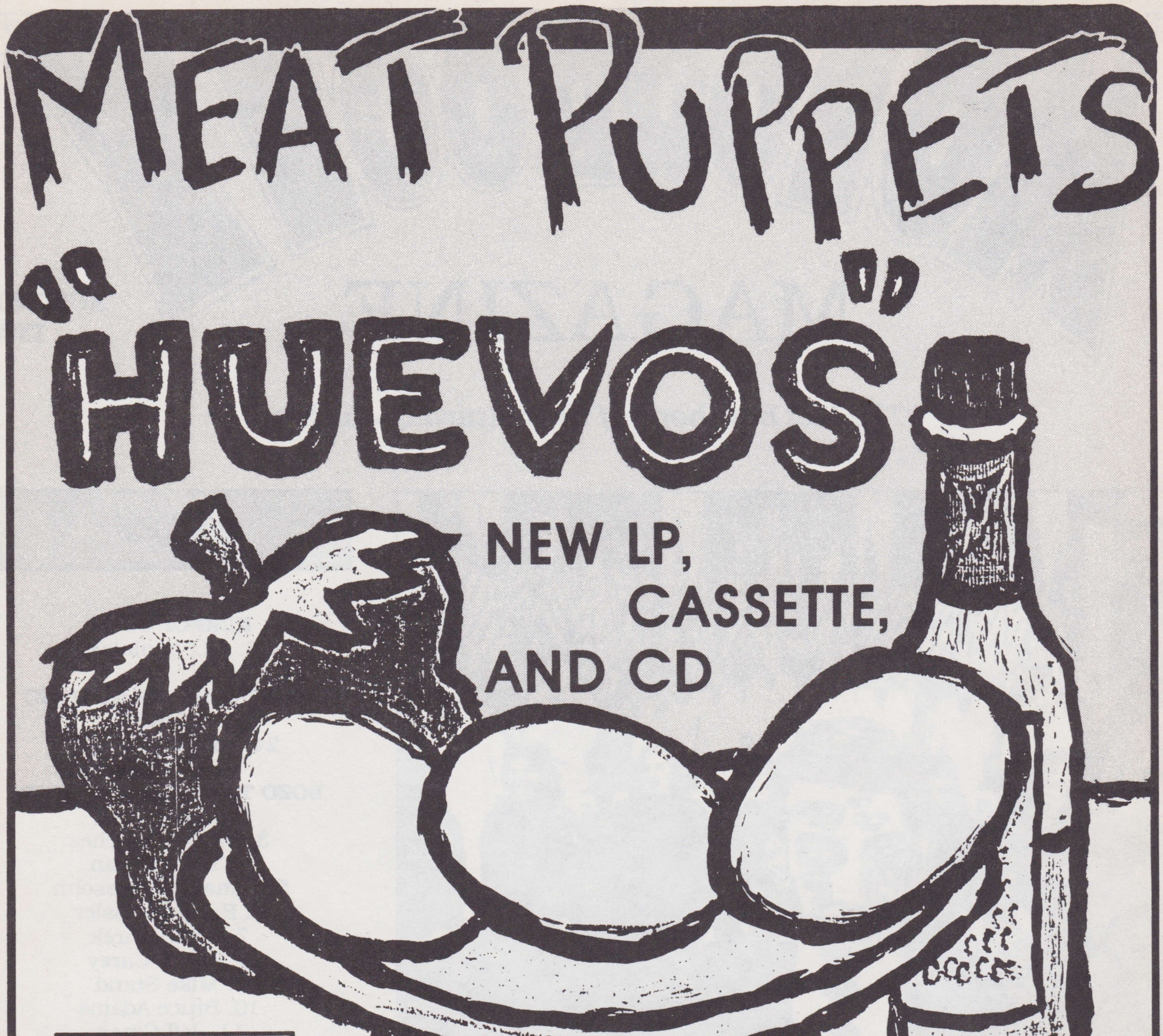

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"HUEVOS"
Meat Puppets

Huevos. Hot on the heels of their amazing Mirage album, the Meat Puppets have done it again with a brand spanking new album on SST. Closer in sound to their legendary live shows, this record has balls. Starting off with the kick in the head double blast of Paradise and Look At The Rain and ending with the brain-crushing I Cant Be Counted On, this record reaffirms the Meat Puppets' status as one of the coolest bands on the face of the planet. SST 150 (LP/CA $7.50 CD $15.00)

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Up On The Sun. Twelve stunning slices of classic Meat Puppets tunes. Up On The Sun, Buckethead, Maiden's Milk, Swimming Ground and eight others make up this critical fave of 1985. SST 039 (LP/CA $7.50 CD $15.00)

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Meat Puppets Recorded in 1981 and 82, this record gives the first glimpse of the Kirkwood brothers' (Curt and Cris) and Derrick Bostrom's musical nirvana. Tracks include title, Tumblin' Tumbleweed. SST 009 (LP/CA $6.50 CD $15.00)

In A Car. The often over-looked gem released in 1985 features five songs recorded in late '80 believed to be the Puppets' first recordings. Title track plus Big House, Dolphin Field, Out in the Gardener, and Foreign Lawns. SST 044 (7'' 45 $3.00)

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BILL'S BAND

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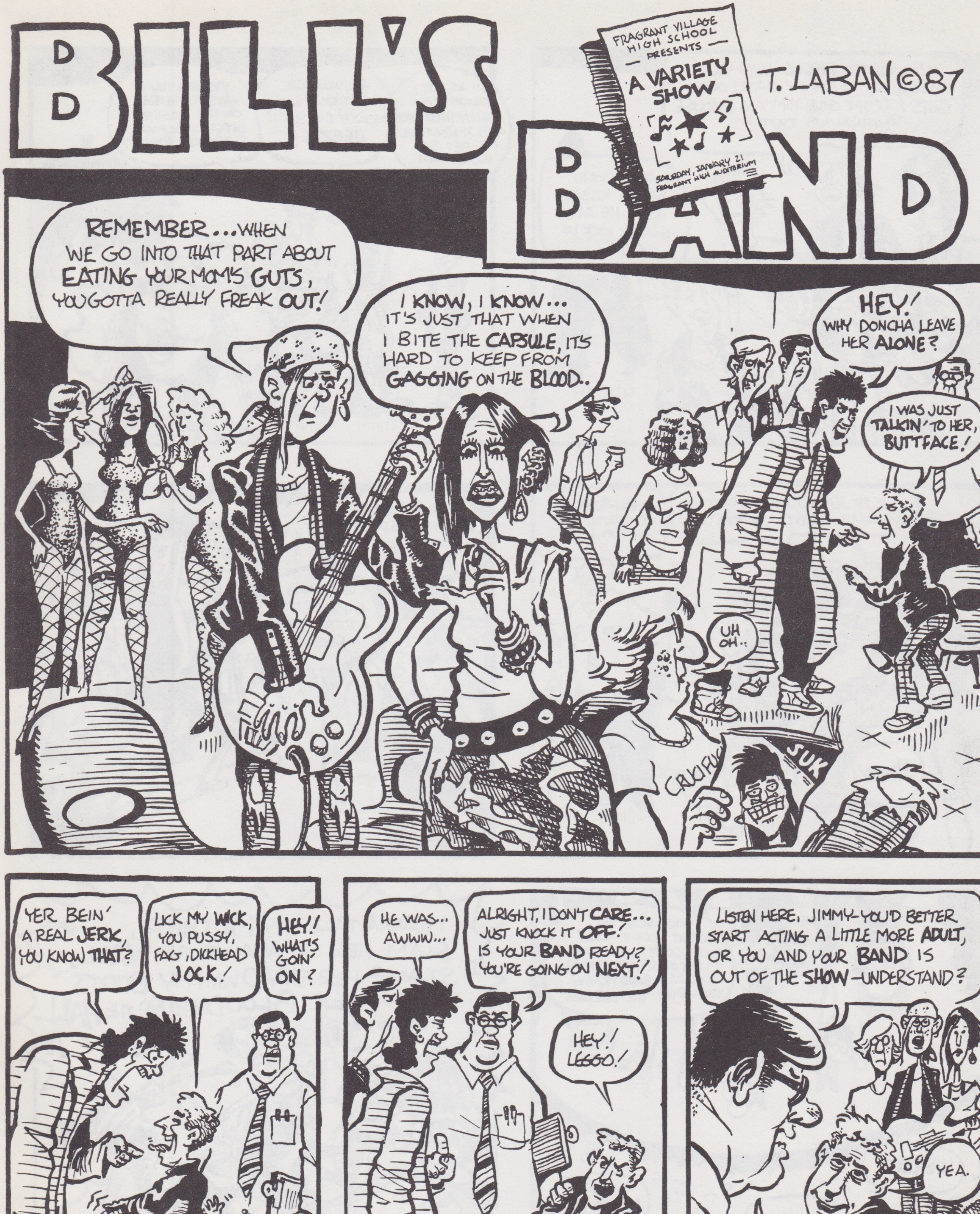
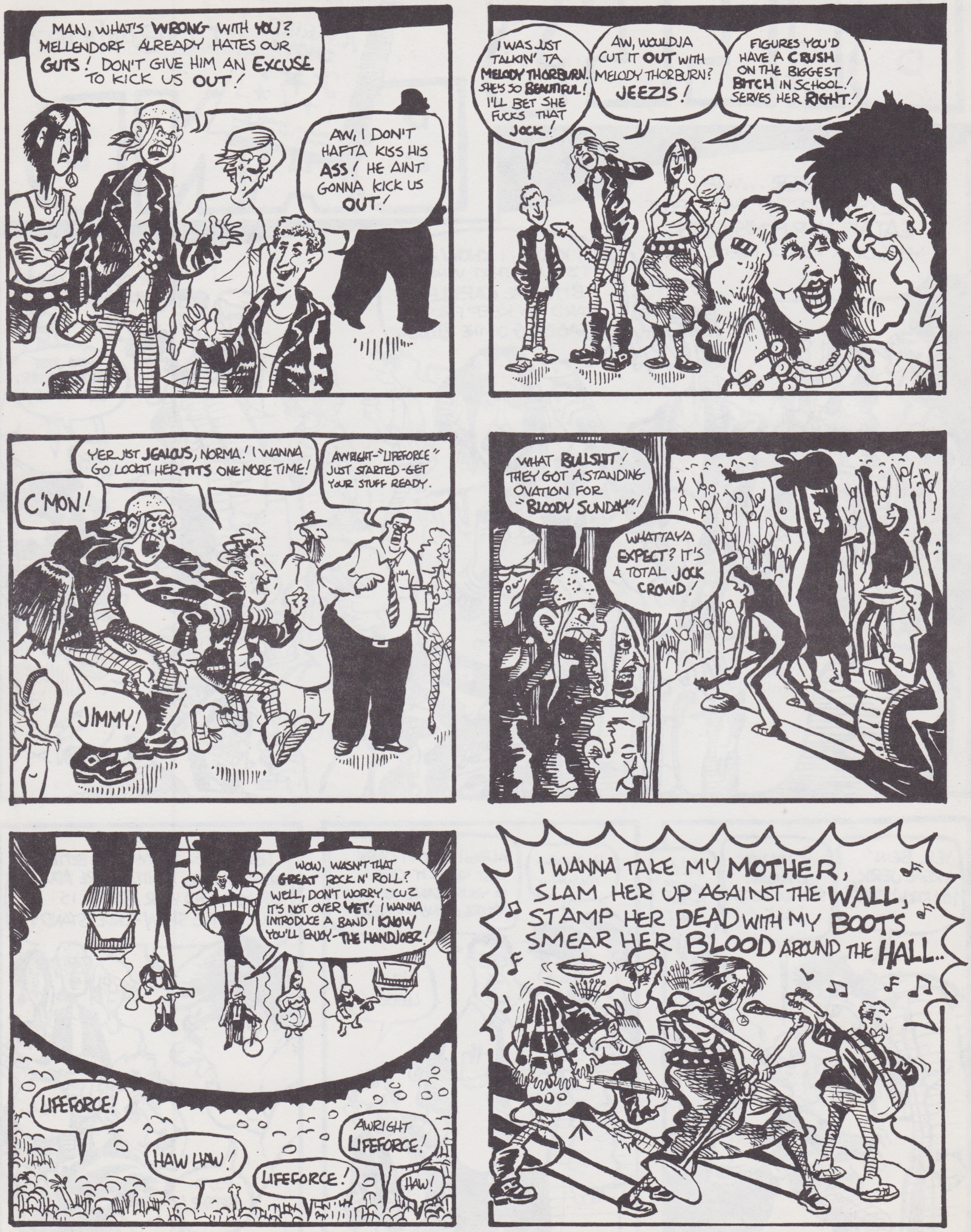
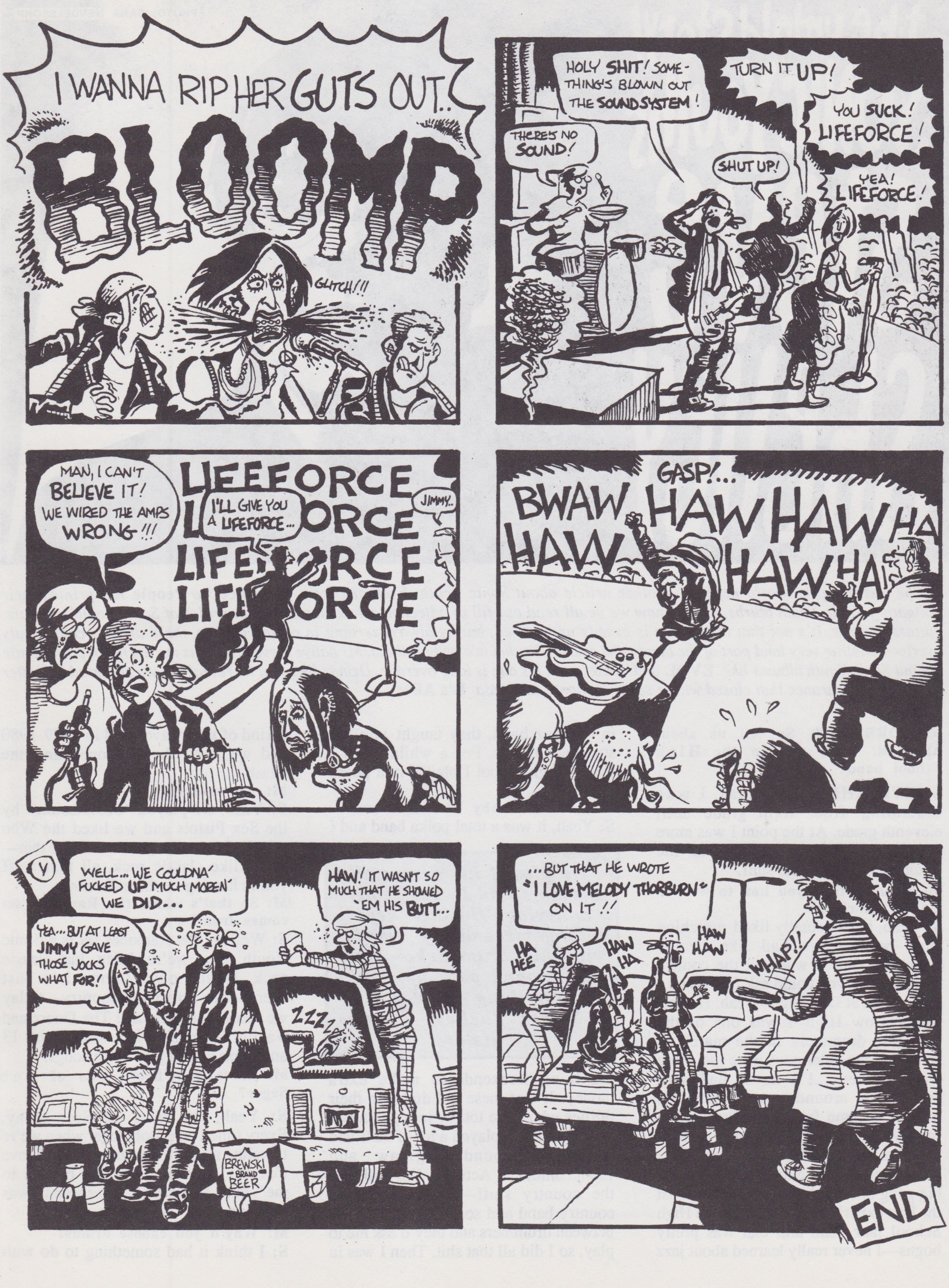

FRAGRANT VILLAGE HIGH SCHOOL
— PRESENTS —
A VARIETY SHOW
SATURDAY, JANUARY 21 FRAGRANT HIGH AUDITORIUM
REMEMBER... WHEN WE GO INTO THAT PART ABOUT EATING YOUR MOM'S GUTS, YOU GOTTA REALLY FREAK OUT!
I KNOW, I KNOW... IT'S JUST THAT WHEN I BITE THE CAPSULE, IT'S HARD TO KEEP FROM GAGGING ON THE BLOOD..
HEY! WHY DONCHA LEAVE HER ALONE?
I WAS JUST TALKIN' TO HER, BUTTFACE!
UH OH..
CRUCIFU
SUK
YER BEIN' A REAL JERK, YOU KNOW THAT?
LICK MY WICK, YOU PUSSY, FAG, DICKHEAD JOCK!
HEY! WHAT'S GOIN' ON?
HE WAS... AWWW...
ALRIGHT, I DON'T CARE... JUST KNOCK IT OFF! IS YOUR BAND READY? YOU'RE GOING ON NEXT!
HEY! LEGGO!
LISTEN HERE, JIMMY—YOU'D BETTER START ACTING A LITTLE MORE ADULT, OR YOU AND YOUR BAND IS OUT OF THE SHOW—UNDERSTAND?
YEA.
YOU'D BETTER!


MAN, WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU? MELLENDORF ALREADY HATES OUR GUTS! DON'T GIVE HIM AN EXCUSE TO KICK US OUT!
AW, I DON'T HAFTA KISS HIS ASS! HE AINT GONNA KICK US OUT!
I WAS JUST TALKIN' TA MELODY THORBURN. SHE'S SO BEAUTIFUL! I'LL BET SHE FUCKS THAT JOCK!
AW, WOULDJA CUT IT OUT WITH MELODY THORBURN? JEEZIS!
FIGURES YOU'D HAVE A CRUSH ON THE BIGGEST BITCH IN SCHOOL! SERVES HER RIGHT!
C'MON!
YER JUST JEALOUS, NORMA! I WANNA GO LOOKIT HER TITS ONE MORE TIME!
AWRIGHT- "LIFEFORCE" JUST STARTED-GET YOUR STUFF READY.
JIMMY!
WHAT BULLSHIT! THEY GOT A STANDING OVATION FOR "BLOODY SUNDAY"!
WHATTAYA EXPECT? IT'S A TOTAL JOCK CROWD!
WOW, WASN'T THAT GREAT ROCK N' ROLL? WELL, DON'T WORRY, 'CUZ IT'S NOT OVER YET! I WANNA INTRODUCE A BAND I KNOW YOU'LL ENJOY-THE HANDJOBZ!
LIFEFORCE!
HAW HAW!
LIFEFORCE!
AWRIGHT LIFEFORCE!
HAW!
I WANNA TAKE MY MOTHER, SLAM HER UP AGAINST THE WALL, STAMP HER DEAD WITH MY BOOTS SMEAR HER BLOOD AROUND THE HALL..


I WANNA RIP HER GUTS OUT..
BLOOMP
GLITCH!!!
HOLY SHIT! SOMETHING'S BLOWN OUT THE SOUND SYSTEM!
THERE'S NO SOUND!
TURN IT UP!
YOU SUCK! LIFEFORCE!
SHUT UP!
YEA! LIFEFORCE!
MAN, I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! WE WIRED THE AMPS WRONG!!!
LIFEFORCE LIFEFORCE LIFEFORCE LIFEFORCE
I'LL GIVE YOU A LIFEFORCE...
JIMMY..
GASP!...
BWAW HAW HAW HAW HAW HA HAW HA
WELL... WE COULDNA' FUCKED UP MUCH MOREN' WE DID...
YEA... BUT AT LEAST JIMMY GAVE THOSE JOCKS WHAT FOR!
HAW! IT WASN'T SO MUCH THAT HE SHOWED 'EM HIS BUTT...
ZZZZ
BREWSKI BRAND BEER
...BUT THAT HE WROTE "I LOVE MELODY THORBURN" ON IT!!
HA HEE
HAW HA
HAW HAW
WHAP!!
END

the untold story!
SONIC YOUTH's
Steve Shelley

PHOTO: DANA MENDELSSOHN

The last thing the world needs is another article about Sonic Youth. Everyone from **Poopsheet** *to* **People** *has printed their obligatory Sonic Youth blurbs, and by now we've all read our fill of adjective-exhausting pieces in praise of Sonic Youth's guitars, guitars, guitars. It's not that this praise is exactly undeserved, but by always zeroing in on the guitars, these articles consistently overlook another very loud part of the band—the drums. Rhythm ace and Midland, MI native Steve Shelley is the unknown powerhouse behind Sonic Youth albums like* **EVOL** *and* **Sister,** *and his due is long overdue. Demanding that he reveal all, we cornered him after a Pontiac appearance that closed with a set of Ramones tunes ala* **It's Alive...**

MOTORBOOTY: So tell us about Midland. Were you in the High School band?

STEVE SHELLEY: Yeah, I was drumming from sixth grade until eleventh grade. At the point I was more into the rock thing instead of the disciplined school band stuff.

M: So until then you had to wear a big old bearskin?

S: Yeah, but I actually liked marching band because we had like twelve drummers and it was just the coolest drum section you could ask for. When I first started at Dow high—yeah, Herbert Henry Dow High--I was one of the youngest drummers in the marching band, and the older guys were just these crazy fuckers....I'd never had any experience around people like that because I came from a really mellow family and never had any older brothers....then all of a sudden I was with these twelve gnarly dudes in this big gang of loud drummers....it was just the best experience. I played in the High School jazz band and that was pretty bogus—I never really learned about jazz in the jazz band, they taught you the stupidest things. For a while when I was in high school I played in a polka band.

M: Lots of Bobby Vinton covers?

S: Yeah, it was a total polka band and I did it on weekends to make extra money. It was these old dudes in their thirties who were totally into polka and country and we played a lot of halls and weddings around Saginaw and Frankenmuth. Actually I'm still into the country stuff—my uncle has a country band and sometimes they'd be between drummers and they'd ask me to play, so I did all that shit. Then I was in a kind of new wave band in 1979-1980 and we liked the Ramones and the Clash.

> ***"He played his drums all the time and it was really annoying. He also kept hitting me and my friends with his drumsticks—he'd go around pounding on everything all day."***
> ***—Stacee Shelley, Steve's Sister***

M: All covers?

S: Yeah, we played "Submission" by the Sex Pistols and we liked the Who and the James Gang and stuff like that—kinda like classic rock, all that stuff you're hearing on the radio now.

M: So that's where the Ramones set comes from?

S: Well no, the Ramones set is a Sonic Youth thing we're doing, but classic rock is its own thing. It's just everywhere across the country—today we heard The Who and The Doors and Vanilla Fudge...it's like when I was 13 and I was learning all those songs.

M: Have you heard lots of Bob Seger?

S: Yeah, we heard the Seeg today. Every time I hear Bob Seger when we're traveling across the country I say "I love that guy, he's like an older brother to me", but I *hated* Bob Seger when I was growing up....

M: Why'd you choose drums?

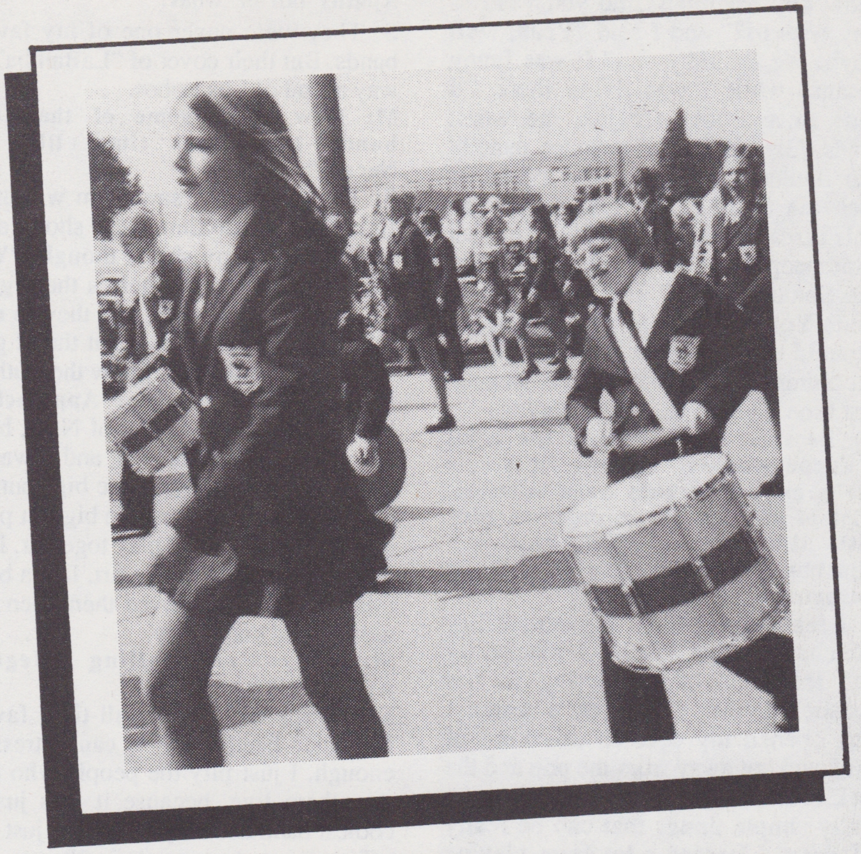
S: I think it had something to do with when I was six, standing on Main Street in Midland for the Fourth of July parade, watching all those drummers go by and just being fascinated by it. Then we went up to Mackinac Island and bought one of those little Indian drums with the plastic skin.

M: So if you didn't have drums to hit, would you still have to hit something?

S: No, I'm not a violent person at all. It helps to play the drums because it's very physical and it really is a release, but I don't think I'd be wailing on anybody if I didn't have them—I'm too little of a guy. And I'm not the kind of person that taps all day and has little pencils going *diddle liddle liddle* —those kind of people really annoy me.

> ***"Steve is a nail in my coffin"***
> ***—Thurston Moore***

Anyway, the first band I was in out of Midland was with this guy Scott Fagerston, who was a bass player in the Midland new wave band—they were called the Nozones— and we started this band up with a couple people in Lansing and called it Faith and Morals. We played around Detroit a few times and Lansing a few times and actually got to a pretty good point—we played alot with L7, one of my all-time favorite bands—before we broke up from quarreling. But before we broke up this guy Tim Foyon joined, and he was in a group in Kalamazoo called Spastic Rhythm Tarts, who I joined through Tim by just going down to see them at a show in Kalamazoo. Their drummer didn't show up so they said "Well...you can play." Before each song the bass player, Mike Love, would kind of hum the drum part to me, and then we'd just play.



Steve and the mighty Midland Junior High School band during the annual All Fish Day parade

M: Who was in Spastic Rhythm Tarts?

S: At that time it was Mike Love, Sherrie Fite on vocals, Tim Foyon and myself. So after Faith and Morals I was in Spastic Rhythm Tarts, which later mutated many times and became Strange Fruit and now whatever it is—those people are in New York now and I really don't see them.

M: So then you moved to Kalamazoo?

S: Yeah, I lived in Kalamazoo for a while. At the same time I was in a band in Lansing called The Crucifucks, with Scott, the bass player who was in the Nozones and Faith and Morals. We formed this band with Doc Dart and Doc's younger cousin Joe. Scott was a great player but he was very irresponsible and had a hard time keeping his shit together—mentally, he had a lot of problems. I guess that could be said for a lot of the band, so we had quite a history of doing a lot of different things—doing a lot of great shows and spending a lot of horrible times together. So at that time I was always driving from Midland to Lansing to Kalamazoo and back to Lansing, doing shows and working on both bands. Each one would go strong for a while and then we'd have a kind of recess period where we'd just all get away from each other, so then I'd go work on the other band. But there were some good times. My favorite Spastic Rhythm Tarts/Strange Fruit show was the first one, I thought it was the best because Tim was such an ace player and Mike and Sherrie were into it at that time. But things changed and interests changed and we stopped getting along—it was a messy scene so I split to Lansing. At that point The Crucifucks were working pretty hard, we had done that first album *(The Crucifucks)* for Alternative Tentacles and we were doing alot of really good shows, but we were also disintegrating at the same time because it was the first time I'd actually lived in Lansing with the rest of the band.

M: Working at the Bagel Fragel....

S: Yeah, I used to have to get up at 4:30 and cook bagels. Anyway, the relationship between me and Doc just became nonexistent, so on a whim I moved to New York to sublet Kim Gordon and Thurston Moore's apartment.

> ***"Steve Shelley? Ha Ha Ha..."***
> ***—Doc Dart***

M: You knew them already?

S: I'd met them when The Crucifucks played CBGB's. Thurston and Lee Ranaldo came to the show and they really liked it so I hung around with them the next day. I'd sent them records because I liked their band—at that time the "Death Valley 69" 7" had just come out and I was really getting into Sonic Youth. We were going to do an EP in New York and Lee was going to help produce it, but we didn't make it—I called up Lee and said "We're not coming, I'm not going to play with these guys anymore," and he said "Well that's good, because we have to go to Europe, like tomorrow"—they got sent over early for their first Blast First tour. So then I was in Thurston and Kim's apartment, and they came home and said "Our drummer just quit and we don't know any drummers, do you want to play with us?" and I said "Yeah, well maybe we should jam..." It was funny because while I was living there I'd gone to auditions for just the worst bands, like bands who sounded exactly like Bauhaus, or bands who could've been the Smiths, and I was thinking "this is really horrible—I'd like to meet some people and do something kind of like Sonic Youth..." and then I was *in* Sonic Youth. I went to see them at the Pyramid the next week, it was Bob the old drummer's last show and it was the first time I'd ever seen them play.

M: Because the guitarists use a lot of unconventional tunings, it seems like a guitarist would have to make a lot of adjustments in order to play with this band. What kind of adjustments did you have to make as a drummer?

S: I really don't think my sensibility has changed that much—I was really into this kind of drumming in the Spastic Rhythm Tarts, that's where I first opened my eyes to this kind of thing and got away from the pop and the rock drumming, and learned about the really simple things that can be really effective. I learned a lot from playing with Tim Foyon and Mike Love because they were very interesting musicians who were doing something very similar to what Thurston, Lee, and Kim were doing. And in the Crucifucks I thought the drums were peculiar at least—they weren't like standard hardcore drums by any means. It's funny though, because we're starting to bring more "rockisms" back into Sonic Youth. We wanted to make a record that was really agresive and that really rocked, so we're doing some of the more traditional things that I snubbed my nose at in my "artier" days—although I think when we do them it's still pretty twisted.

M: So now if Metallica called you up...

S: No way! I could never do that, I'm not into speed metal at all.

M: But you guys did rip off a couple Violent Apathy songs.

S: Yeah—well, not me, that was before I was in the band. Actually, "Tom Violence" has a line from V.A.'s "When Desperation takes Hold," but I always thought "When Desperation takes Hold" was lifted from Joy Division's "Love Will Tear Us Apart," which has the line "When desperation takes hold...". So V.A. had a song called that and Thurston stole or borrowed or lifted the line "Find it in a bible, find it in a girl...".

M: So were you a big Violent Apathy fan or what?

S: They were never one of my favorite bands. But their cover of "LaBamba" was way ahead of Los Lobos.

M: How about some of the other bands from that time, like the Necros?

S: The first time I saw them was at that first Spastic Rhythm Tarts show, and it really flipped my shit. I thought "Wow, I'm really lame ass—here's these gnarly 17-year-old skinheads, and they're really tough, really hardcore." But then I got to know them and now I know the truth.

M: How about Negative Approach?

S: I saw an early version of N.A., before the young guys were in it, and it was just the noisiest, most awesome big sound I'd ever heard—it was just the biggest primal scream. They did not play together. It was not hardcore. It was like art, like a big art thing—*whoosh!* I loved them then and I didn't quite know why.

M: So you're calling Negative Approach an art band?

S: Then, yeah. But my all-time favorite Michigan band is L7—I can't stress that enough. I just pity the people who never saw them live, because it was just the coolest band and they should've just taken off so huge. I mean their 7" is a great record but they were just a million times better live. They had so many great songs and I'd really like to put together a collection of their unreleased stuff and put it out on Ecstatic Peace. Also I'd like to do something with Strange Fruit. Dave Rice of L7 engineered a tape of 12 or 13 songs, and some of them should've been on that Strange Fruit 7" *(Abiku)*, but instead there were songs from an awful 8-track session, and only one—"On Top of the Hill"—that was done with Dave Rice. I'd like to put those other songs out on Ecstatic Peace, but I haven't talked to Mike and Sherrie in years.

M: What about newer bands—who are you listening to now?

S: I don't like a lot of rock bands right now. I like Tom Waits—I like Tom Waits alot. I like alot of melacholy stuff, like Leonard Cohen. And I saw Neil Young in Europe and thought he was the greatest. I'm kind of banned from playing Tom Waits and Neil Young in the van, but that's ok because I listen to them like 24 hours a day when I'm home.

M: Do you feel slighted that you're never interviewed?

S: Sometimes, but just a very little, because most of the time the Sonic Youth interviews are really boring, and I'm not into the concept of being put on a pedestal all the time. On the other hand, I like reading about people like Neil Young or Tom Waits, and I'm interested in finding out what they think about, so I can understand why people would want to do interviews. But I just think of us as "just guys" and at times interviewers tend to make us self-concious. The interviewers in England are especially horrid, they're so heavy about everything. It's like: "Why did you name this record *Sister?*" or "Do you *really* like Madonna?"

M: What would you rather talk about?

S: Don't you want to talk about the songs? The guitar players always get to talk about the songs.

M: Okay—what's your favorite Sonic Youth song, as of right now?

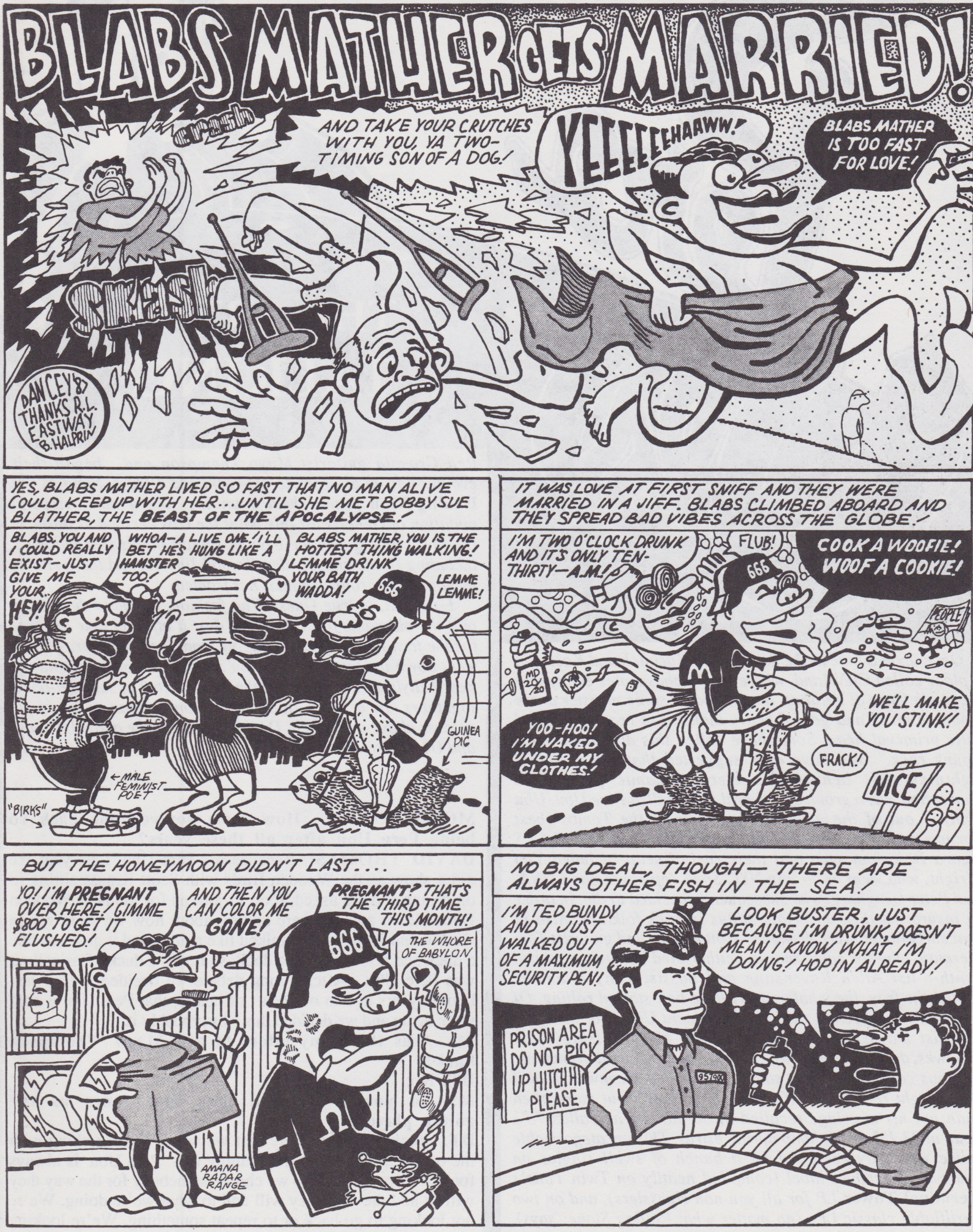
S: I like playing "Cotton Crown" a lot because it's fresh. It's the last song we wrote before we started this big tour and it wasn't very together at the time, so I've really gotten to develop it in the past three months—because we really do change our songs. I mean, I don't know if people read that and go "Oh sure—they *really* change their songs," but songs really do change when we're touring and that song has changed into something totally different than what was on the record. I really like that about it.

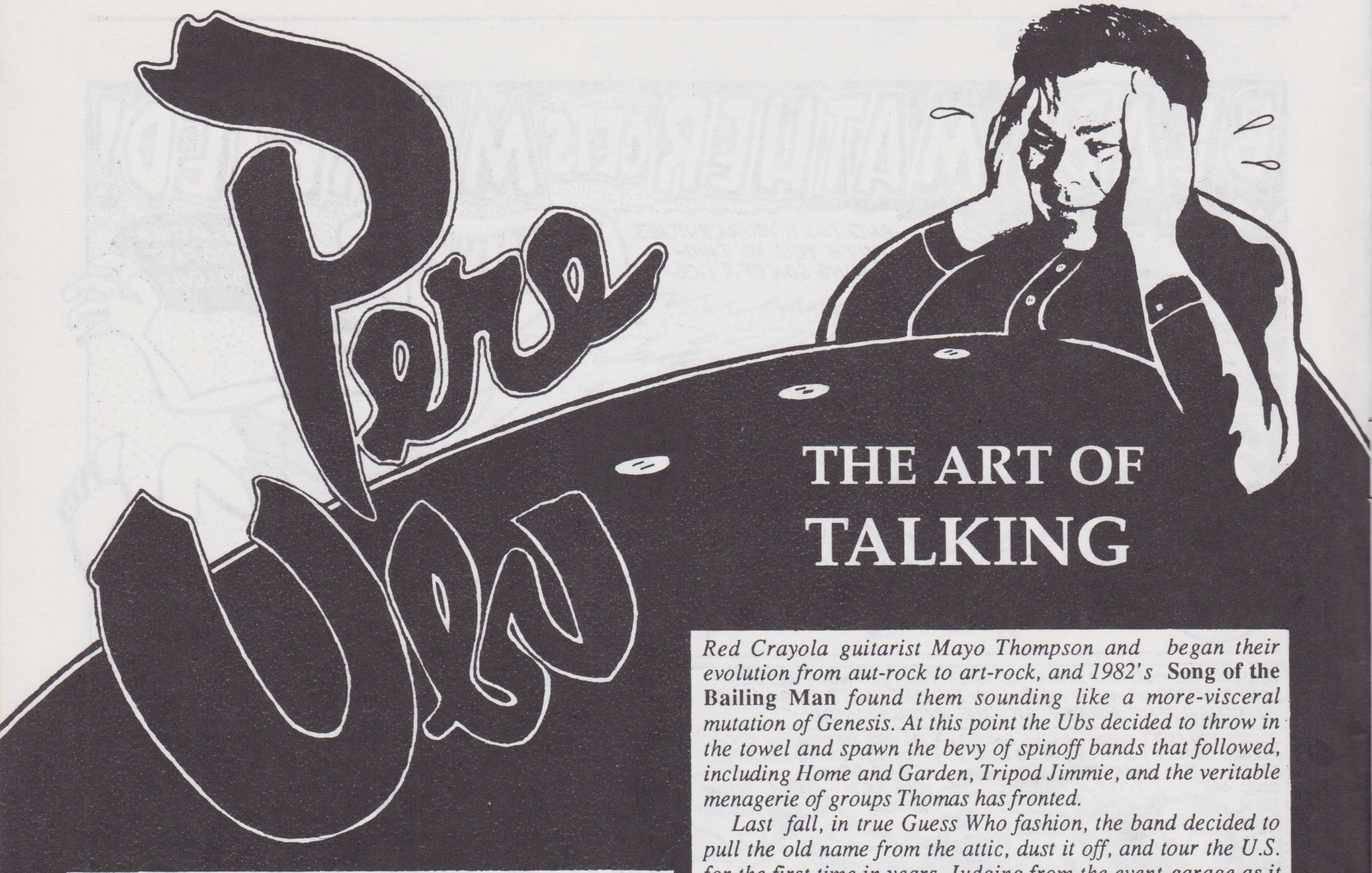
M: Least favorite?

S: Sometimes "PCH" because it's really hard to keep that song together. The guitars are playing at such a tone that it's impossible to distinguish counting notes with them—it's just a tonal blur, and while I'm trying to anchor that song down I'm also playing this metal thing which is at that same tonality, so sometimes that song really gets off beat

I really like playing with this band and I really like the things we're doing now. I think that the drums are something different in this band, but I think a lot of people don't notice that, or maybe they do and just don't say anything. I was really surprised in reading the reviews of *Sister*—they were good reviews, but they really did concentrate on the guitars. As a drummer, I think the drum parts were really interesting—I'm really into playing melody on the drums, and I work hard to weave in and out of our songs. I don't know if people don't care or if they just don't see that, but I think I was really overshadowed. I don't really care about that, but it was intriguing, because I think more people should be freaking out on drum parts like those. Like the Butthole Surfers' drums—I think they're just the coolest. And Rey, who played for Scratch Acid, is one of the rockingest drummers, and George (firehose) Hurley does some great things—those are people who're doing the singular thing and not this big rock thing, and I think more people should take note

—OK!


BLABS MATHER GETS MARRIED!
crash
AND TAKE YOUR CRUTCHES WITH YOU, YA TWO-TIMING SON OF A DOG!
YEEEEEEEHAAWW!
BLABS MATHER IS TOO FAST FOR LOVE!
SMASH
DANCEY '87 THANKS R.L. EASTWAY B. HALPRIN
YES, BLABS MATHER LIVED SO FAST THAT NO MAN ALIVE COULD KEEP UP WITH HER... UNTIL SHE MET BOBBY SUE BLATHER, THE BEAST OF THE APOCALYPSE!
BLABS, YOU AND I COULD REALLY EXIST—JUST GIVE ME YOUR.. HEY!
WHOA—A LIVE ONE! I'LL BET HE'S HUNG LIKE A HAMSTER TOO!
BLABS MATHER, YOU IS THE HOTTEST THING WALKING! LEMME DRINK YOUR BATH WADDA!
666
LEMME LEMME!
GUINEA PIG
← MALE FEMINIST POET
"BIRKS"
IT WAS LOVE AT FIRST SNIFF AND THEY WERE MARRIED IN A JIFF. BLABS CLIMBED ABOARD AND THEY SPREAD BAD VIBES ACROSS THE GLOBE!
I'M TWO O'CLOCK DRUNK AND IT'S ONLY TEN-THIRTY—A.M.!
FLUB!
COOK A WOOFIE! WOOF A COOKIE!
666
PEOPLE
MD 20/20
YOO-HOO! I'M NAKED UNDER MY CLOTHES!
WE'LL MAKE YOU STINK!
FRACK!
NICE
BUT THE HONEYMOON DIDN'T LAST....
YO! I'M PREGNANT OVER HERE! GIMME $800 TO GET IT FLUSHED!
AND THEN YOU CAN COLOR ME GONE!
PREGNANT? THAT'S THE THIRD TIME THIS MONTH!
666
THE WHORE OF BABYLON
AMANA RADAR RANGE
NO BIG DEAL, THOUGH— THERE ARE ALWAYS OTHER FISH IN THE SEA!
I'M TED BUNDY AND I JUST WALKED OUT OF A MAXIMUM SECURITY PEN!
LOOK BUSTER, JUST BECAUSE I'M DRUNK, DOESN'T MEAN I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING! HOP IN ALREADY!
PRISON AREA DO NOT PICK UP HITCH HI PLEASE



THE ART OF TALKING

Once upon a time in the days before Kucinich and Kosar, in a place called Cleveland, where Erie's phosphates empty into the Dixie Cups of millions, an embryonic sonic monster arose from the muck and goo of heavy industry to rear its pointed little primeval head. Some have called this dissonant beast "punk rock," and have even suggested that the principal lightning bolt behind this electrodynamic particulate conception was a group of cerebral types called Pere Ubu. Ubu evolved out of the ashes of Rocket from the Tombs (best documented on a now-circulating bootleg tape of their 5/5/75 Agora Ballroom set), and their early lineup included Tim Wright, who went on to join NYC Sped Zep cover band DNA, and Peter Laughner, who subsequently decided to die, in order to insure his then-uncertain status in rock folklore. Also in that early lineup were drummer Scott Krauss and guitarist Tom Herman, who for some reason neither died nor quit, so when synth-o-tist Allen Ravenstine and bassist Tony Maimone joined the fray, the whole gnarly little ball started rolling. Of course I'm neglecting the most prominent Ubster of them all, vocalist David Thomas. Between the piston-hissing synth squawks, drill-press droning guitars, and punchcard drumming, Thomas could sometimes sound almost like a conventional if overweight rock singer (Captain Meatloaf?), but more often than not his utterings recalled those old Maria Callas 78's spun at 33 1/3, or a chimp during estrus. This uncategorizable noise was duly recorded on a bunch of swell singles on Thomas' Hearthan label (compiled neatlly on Twin Tone's **Terminal Tower** *LP for all you non-Hensslers), and on two certifiable classic LPs (no matter what Rolling Stone says),* **The Modern Dance** *and* **Dub Housing.** *Now big stars in Europe thanks to Chrysalis and Rough Trade, the band added Red Crayola guitarist Mayo Thompson and began their evolution from aut-rock to art-rock, and 1982's* **Song of the Bailing Man** *found them sounding like a more-visceral mutation of Genesis. At this point the Ubs decided to throw in the towel and spawn the bevy of spinoff bands that followed, including Home and Garden, Tripod Jimmie, and the veritable menagerie of groups Thomas has fronted.*

Last fall, in true Guess Who fashion, the band decided to pull the old name from the attic, dust it off, and tour the U.S. for the first time in years. Judging from the event-garage as it went down in Detroit, Pere Ubu's return is not the display of beer-bellyisms and discotude that are the stuff of such get-back-togethers. In a voice fluctuating from human to a couple octaves above a doorbell, David Thomas spoke about Ubu past and Ubu present...

MOTORBOOTY: How come you've gone back to being Pere Ubu after all these years?

DAVID THOMAS: Because it's Pere Ubu. Last year we did a show as the Wooden Birds with Scott Krauss sitting in on drums and we asked Scott to join us for the next Wooden Birds album and we were talking about how we were gonna work it and in the end it walked like a duck and it quacked like a duck and it looked like a duck, so it was a duck. Basically it was Pere Ubu. After a long debate we decided, as we had known years ago in our heart of hearts, that Pere Ubu would work again and we decided this was probably it.

M: Was there any effort to get Mayo Thompson back?

DT: No.

M: So you're satisfied with Jim Jones as the guitar player?

DT: Yeah. It's not to say that we won't do something with the others in the future. It's simply that Pere Ubu is always formed by people and so we choose somebody for the way they will fit and the way they will add to what we're doing. We're not looking to go back or to repeat something. We're looking to continue the business we left unfinished. We're continuing down the road that we set out on.

M: Do you have any qualms about doing any of the old material?

DT: No. Why should we? We like it. We like all Pere Ubu. We're quite pleased with the entire breadth and depth of our careers. I mean Pere Ubu in the end is not songs or sounds, it's a way of doing things and a social communal effort. Pere Ubu is always determined by the group and the way we fit together, so our principles are what's important, not the songs. We didn't write material that was disposable, that could become obsolete or be supplanted in our hearts by something newer and more modern. We like it all, and it all relates to what we do.

M: So the new record will be called *The Tenement Year?*

DT: Probably. We're interested in working together again. We work well together. We understand each other and when we get together the whole is something that's unique. We understand the principles that we work on and it works fairly smoothly most of the time. So Pere Ubu is a very close group. Not that we were great friends or anything, but we created something that was unique and we came out of something that was unique and we were bound by the uniqueness of our lives. The experiences we've gone through will always connect us and the things we understand will always connect us. We can't get away from it.

M: The record will strictly be group material—no solo material?

DT: No. It's Pere Ubu. Pere Ubu can only be one thing. It can only be Pere Ubu. It is not a reunion. It is Pere Ubu and we won't fit this time any more than last time. We know that, and it doesn't matter to us. None of that counts—we get together because we create something together that's valuable and has worth to it and unfortunately there's a real need for doing music that has worth. I can explain it in any number of ways. You have to start asking questions like "What is music?" and "Why bother with the stuff?" and then you start to come up with answers that are in a lot of ways surprising. Most stuff that you hear isn't music, because when you start making comparisons between this stuff and what music should be, you find that it's like asking what the difference is between someone coming over to your house and haranguing you for two hours and you and a group of friends spending an evening together. There's a massive difference. One is a social/communal intercourse and the other is indulgent, exploitative, product-oriented... whatever. So just what is music supposed to be then? Is it supposed to be just product, obsolesent new songs with no intrinsic worth or merits? Or should it be something like an intimate form of communication? Is music supposed to be people expressing themselves? Why do I want somebody expressing themselves on my time? I mean that's a self-indulgent sort of notion...who cares? So music therefore isn't a matter of self expression. It's a social intercourse—something which is a two-way street where there needs to be engagement of imaginations on both sides of the stage, and where there needs to be a certain amount of effort on both sides. When you get that, the result is you often a performance that is memorable and means something, and has a uniqueness and a warmth and personality and a *raison d'etre*. It's human-like communication. "Baby baby baby I can't live without you"—that's just like "Goo goo goo ga ga gee gee." Music now has a vocabulary and grammar for expressing complex visions, and for deep communication and understanding. I simply am astounded that people are satisfied with retreading the same old stuff over and over again. That to me is perplexing when there's so much more available.

M: Would you consider Pere Ubu rock music?

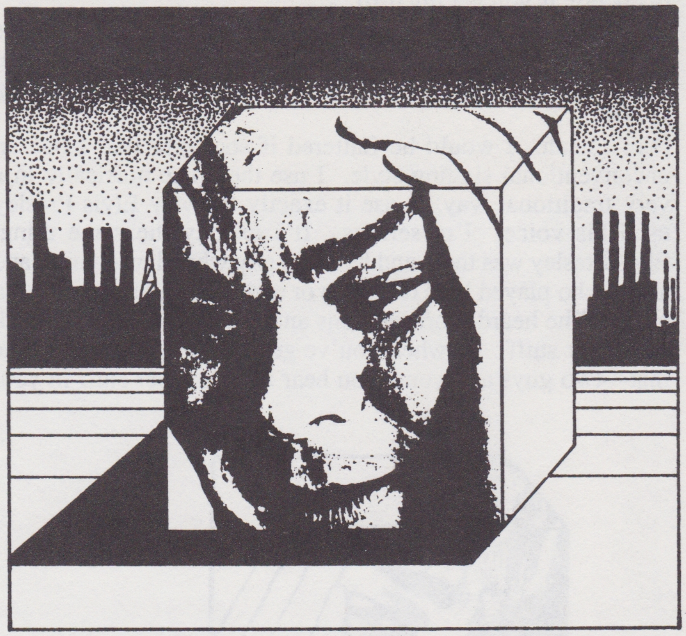
DT: Sure. Of course. We're a traditional rock band. Extremely traditional. We tow the line. Most people think I'm just kidding when I say that, but we obey all the traditions. We're very, very, very, traditional.

M: Lyrically, in the beginning, the ideas or the topics were complex, like the drama of *30 Seconds Over Tokyo*. Later, the subject matter is about more mundane topics—everyday items and things, from the use of dogs to facts about trains.

DT: That's a popular conception. Whether it's true or not you could ask me...

M: Well is that true or not?

DT: No. I mean when you sit down to listen to an Ubu song you have to realize a number of things. First, rarely is the song actually about what the lyrics are about. This has to do with the way we construct the music. The sound of it is an emotional landscape. When I put the lyrics to it I study the landscape to see what it's saying. It's like a slab of marble pulled out of the core—the sculptor will study what's contained therein. I study the sound and then the story begins to unravel itself and I have some ideas I'd like to put into a particular song but often times it will grow and move into something else. Now the point is that in a Pere Ubu song there's always a lot of stuff going on and sometimes there are two and three contradictory currents going on, as in human life. As an event happens there's a lot of levels to it. That's why we try to do songs that way. We want to have music that makes use of the potential of sound as a visual psychological stimulus. For instance, I'm sure there are any number of sounds that will strike a chord or strong sensation with you. It might be that whenever you hear opera on the radio it creates the sensation of a Saturday afternoon in Miami with the light coming down in a certain angle—something from your past. I'm sure you have a certain sound that with just a few moments of it creates an entire world. Now that demonstrates the power sound has to evoke intense and complex scenarios, so why not use that power when you're putting songs together, instead of having to describe something in words that will take up a whole verse, when you've only got a three-



Pere Ubu's David Thomas: "We're very, very, very traditional."

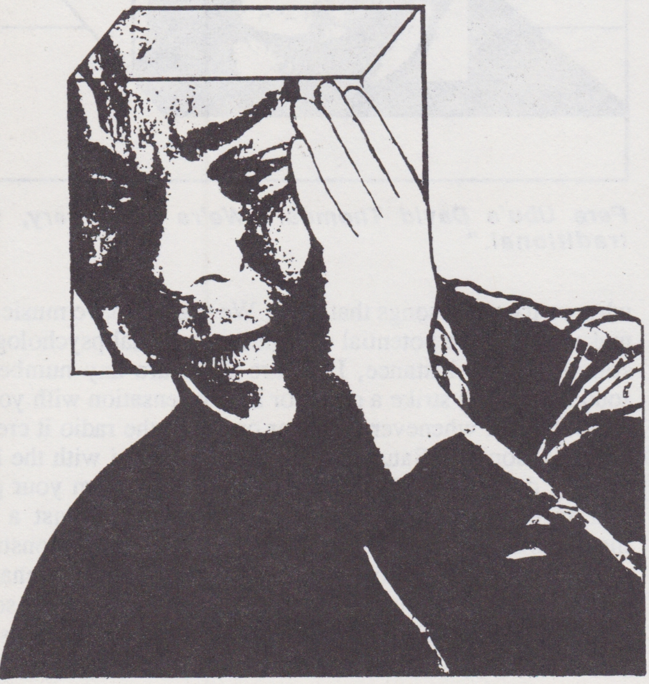
minute song to work with anyway? Why waste the time on that when you can create those entire worlds with sound in a few moments? A sound is worth a thousand words. Use the words for something beyond that. That's the way Pere Ubu puts songs together—sounds are used to evoke certain things. Sometimes the words don't particularly have much to do with the music or what the song is about. Back to the original question: No, we didn't switch to mundane things. We stopped taking the easy way out. We started to develop songs that were continuous series of things and themes which spread across albums and the songs referred to each other and you could beging to say "Ah ha—*this* is what they mean when they use this word." Whenever we use this particular phrase you would know what that phrase would mean in shorthand. A phrase would evoke an entire meaning of a song back then and you would use that phrase to blah blah blah on and on. You have to develop a vocabulary—a grammar—you have to develop a way of speaking. For instance—if you had a friend who spoke German and you only spoke English you would have to develop a vocabulary together—a shared language. That's what we've done.

M: Would you consider your lyrics a certain kind of poetry?

DT: I wouldn't consider them poetry but I would say they might be poetic. I don't write them to be poetry. They're just lyrics for songs and I try to do a good job and I put a lot of effort into it. It's not "Baby Baby." It's not poetry. Though it's poetic if you get my drift.

M: So how does your voice come in? The lyrics aren't necessarily the narrative story. Would you consider that you have an unconventional singing style?

DT: Yeah. I would be flattered if someone said I had an unconventional singing style. I use the voice musically in a very traditional way. I use it exactly the way Elvis Presley used his voice. I'm serious. It's exactly the same thing. Elvis Presley was there and he had a guy who played guitar and a guy who played bass or drums or and that's all he had, but in his head he heard horn sections and backing vocalists and all this other stuff. So when you've got a minimal situation like that—two guys and you—you hear all this other stuff in your head that's supposed to be going in the song and use your voice to imply all that stuff. It's a fairly sophisticated thing he did back then. So it's the same idea—you use the voice to evoke other things and imply other events. Plus I like to sing in a way that I would consider more accurate to the way, for instance, people think or talk, rather than these long drawn out melodic things.



M: What gave you the inspiration and the confidence to sing in your own way?

DT: A lot of different things. At one point I was a big fan of Captain Beefheart. I never particularly copied much off him but the fact that someone else was doing it gave me the confidence. I didn't set out to sing this way. We didn't set out to make music this way. We set out wanting to express something and share something and to have a social action. We had a set of problems we wanted to solve, and instead of solving them in the traditional way, or because the problems were too great to solve in the traditional way , we began to solve from another way. I ended up singing this way because I wanted to accomplish things with the music and the vocal expression that I felt could only be accomplished by the way that you hear. The actual influences I couldn't say, but I always wished I could sing like the Beach Boys and probably in the back of my mind I'm trying to do all the harmonies simultaneously.

M: Considering you've been all over the world, how has hailing from Cleveland has influenced you most?

DT: It's what originally inspired us. It's where we draw our vision from in a lot of ways. But we draw our vision not from the city, but from our experiences there many years ago. I mean there's a great deal of power and vision and views available there that we draw from.

M: You don't live in Cleveland anymore?

DT: No. I live in London.

M: How does the idea of industry fit in with the kind of music Pere Ubu does?

DT: It fits in the sense that writers and critics have connected the two over the years—it was always an easy way of describing what we do, because of the sounds we used. But the reason we used so many of those industrial images is because we came from a heavily industrialized city, and the steel mills were located smack dab in the middle of the city. Those things were our modern art museums. We could go down there and the steel mills would be going and there'd be smoke and the sky would go purple and green and there'd be shapes and wilderness visions. It had much more reality than goofball modern art stuff. They were turning out things and there was industry and business as opposed to industry and factories, so this sort of relationship has always been misunderstood by people who have never lived in an industrialized city. They have these ideas of bleak industrialized wastelands, which is not at all what it is. It's very colorful, dramatic, and passionate. Plus Devo popularized the Ohio-expressive-monkey-mad-cynical-sleazy sort of industrial art notion. But that was only because they were from Akron.

M: What do you think of rock critics?

DT: Nothing! I don't have anything against them. I usually wish they did their job as well as we do ours.

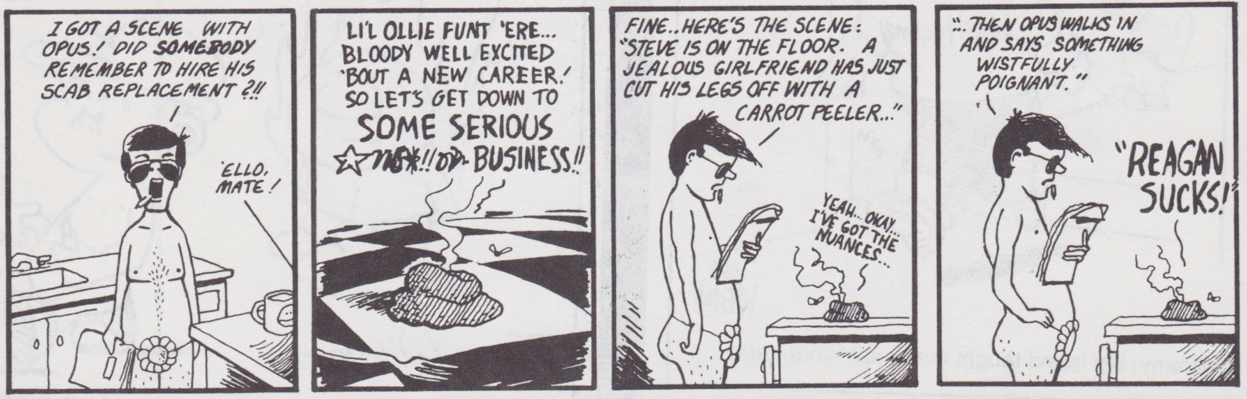
M: When the word Detroit comes up does any image come to mind?

DT: Nothing comes to mind except horror. The last Pedestrians show there was the worst experience in my life—only to be rivaled by Madrid.

—Mike Rubin

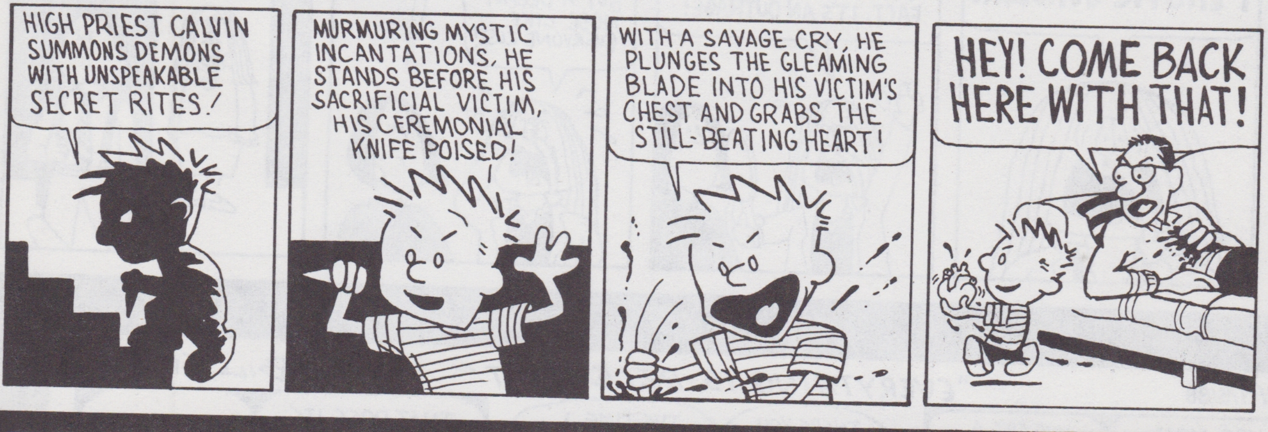
QUASHED COMICS

BLOOM COUNTY 11/6/87

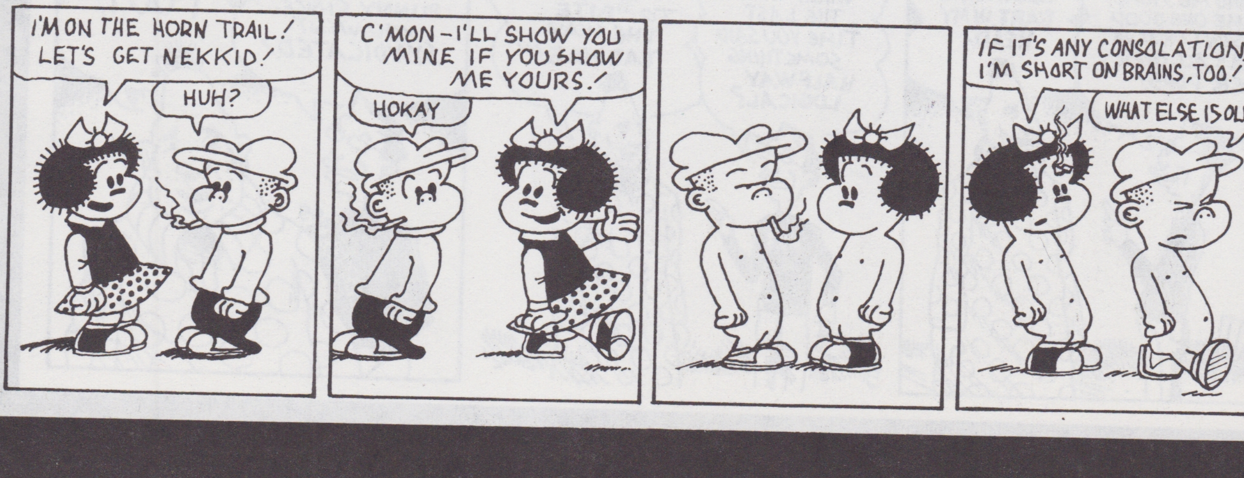

I GOT A SCENE WITH OPUS! DID SOMEBODY REMEMBER TO HIRE HIS SCAB REPLACEMENT ?!!
'ELLO, MATE!
LI'L OLLIE FUNT 'ERE... BLOODY WELL EXCITED 'BOUT A NEW CAREER! SO LET'S GET DOWN TO SOME SERIOUS ☆#$*!!@ BUSINESS!!
FINE.. HERE'S THE SCENE: "STEVE IS ON THE FLOOR. A JEALOUS GIRLFRIEND HAS JUST CUT HIS LEGS OFF WITH A CARROT PEELER..."
YEAH.. OKAY. I'VE GOT THE NUANCES...
"..THEN OPUS WALKS IN AND SAYS SOMETHING WISTFULLY POIGNANT."
"REAGAN SUCKS!"

The comic strip above sparked off a controversy when several major daily newspapers refused to run it, on the grounds that it was "...pizzled..." Although this incident was the only one to receive large-scale publicity, it is a far-from isolated case, as several other strips have also been suppressed for the same reason. Here, for the first time anywhere, are some of those comic strips that the nations's newspapers would not print...

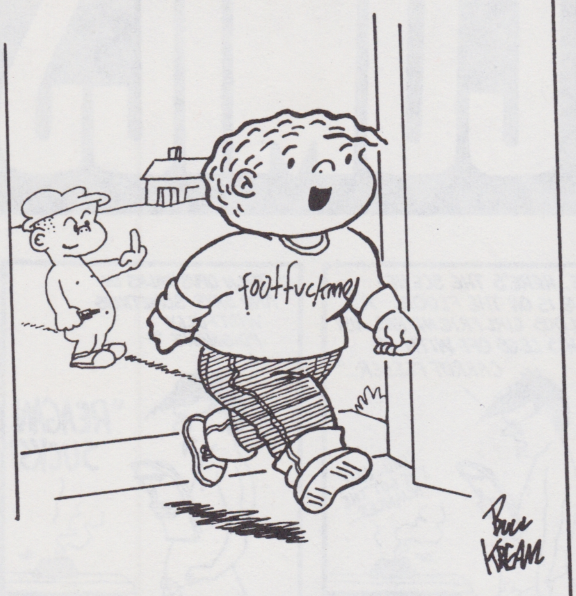
CALVIN AND HOBBES 1/10/88


HIGH PRIEST CALVIN SUMMONS DEMONS WITH UNSPEAKABLE SECRET RITES!
MURMURING MYSTIC INCANTATIONS, HE STANDS BEFORE HIS SACRIFICIAL VICTIM, HIS CEREMONIAL KNIFE POISED!
WITH A SAVAGE CRY, HE PLUNGES THE GLEAMING BLADE INTO HIS VICTIM'S CHEST AND GRABS THE STILL-BEATING HEART!
HEY! COME BACK HERE WITH THAT!

NANCY 11/1/87

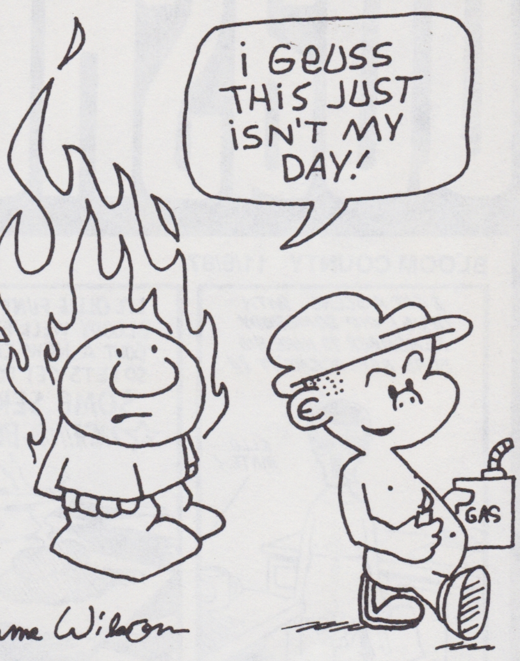

I'M ON THE HORN TRAIL! LET'S GET NEKKID!
HUH?
C'MON - I'LL SHOW YOU MINE IF YOU SHOW ME YOURS.!
HOKAY
IF IT'S ANY CONSOLATION, I'M SHORT ON BRAINS, TOO.!
WHAT ELSE IS OLD?

THE FAMILY CIRCUS 11/2/87

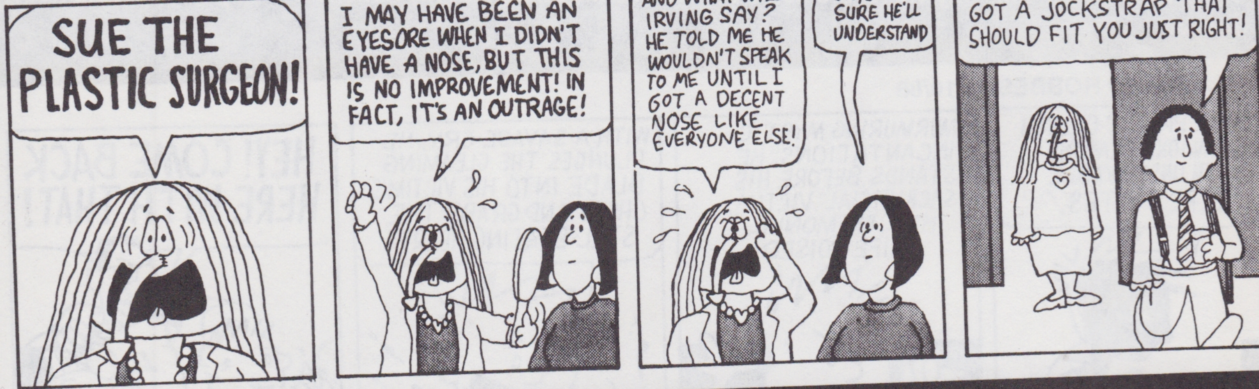

footfuckme
Bill Kream

Mommy! My friend taught me a new word today!

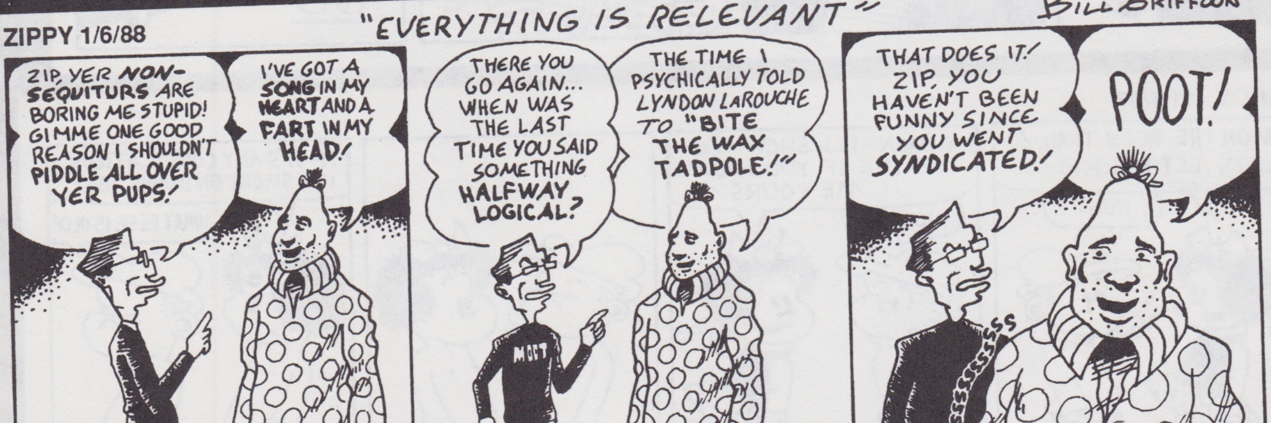
ZIGGY 11/3/87


i GeUSS THIS JUST iSN'T MY DAY!
GAS
Tame Wilson

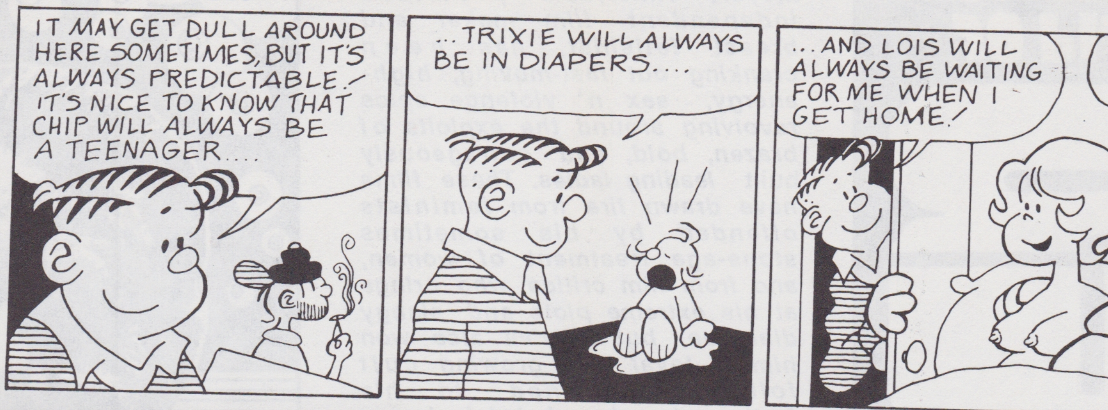
CATHY 2/13/88


SUE THE PLASTIC SURGEON!
I MAY HAVE BEEN AN EYESORE WHEN I DIDN'T HAVE A NOSE, BUT THIS IS NO IMPROVEMENT! IN FACT, IT'S AN OUTRAGE!
AND WHAT WILL IRVING SAY? HE TOLD ME HE WOULDN'T SPEAK TO ME UNTIL I GOT A DECENT NOSE LIKE EVERYONE ELSE!
OH, I'M SURE HE'LL UNDERSTAND
WAIT RIGHT THERE - I'VE GOT A JOCKSTRAP THAT SHOULD FIT YOU JUST RIGHT!

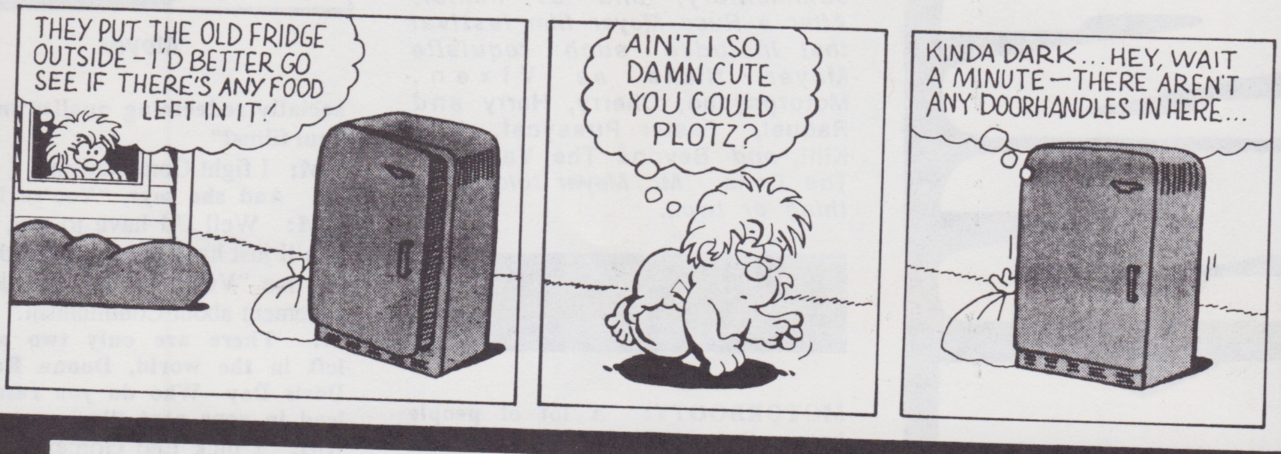
ZIPPY 1/6/88


"EVERYTHING IS RELEVANT"
BILL GRIFFOON
ZIP, YER NON-SEQUITURS ARE BORING ME STUPID! GIMME ONE GOOD REASON I SHOULDN'T PIDDLE ALL OVER YER PUPS!
I'VE GOT A SONG IN MY HEART AND A FART IN MY HEAD!
THERE YOU GO AGAIN... WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU SAID SOMETHING HALFWAY LOGICAL?
THE TIME I PSYCHICALLY TOLD LYNDON LAROUCHE TO "BITE THE WAX TADPOLE!"
MOET
THAT DOES IT! ZIP, YOU HAVEN'T BEEN FUNNY SINCE YOU WENT SYNDICATED!
POOT!
PISSSSSSSSS

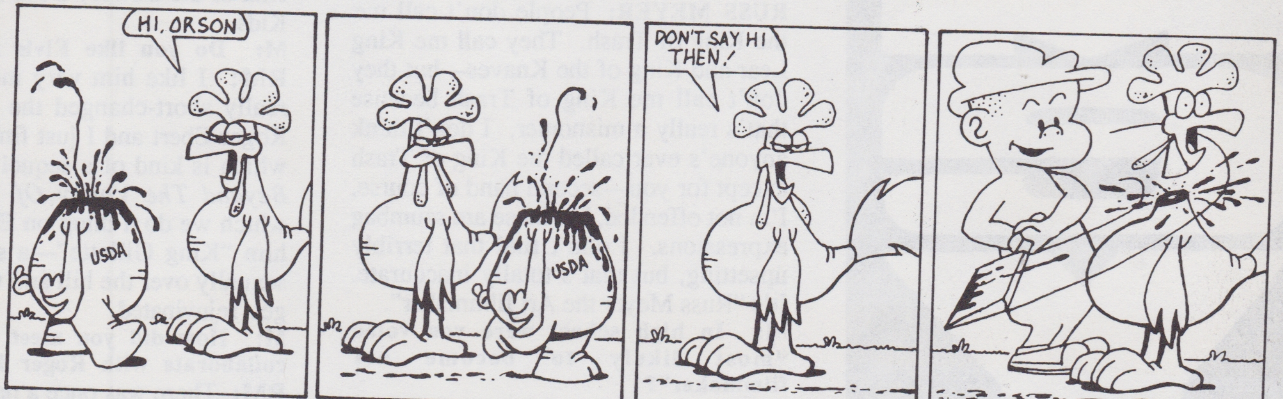
HI AND LOIS 2/2/88


IT MAY GET DULL AROUND HERE SOMETIMES, BUT IT'S ALWAYS PREDICTABLE. IT'S NICE TO KNOW THAT CHIP WILL ALWAYS BE A TEENAGER....
...TRIXIE WILL ALWAYS BE IN DIAPERS....
...AND LOIS WILL ALWAYS BE WAITING FOR ME WHEN I GET HOME!
HI HONEY!

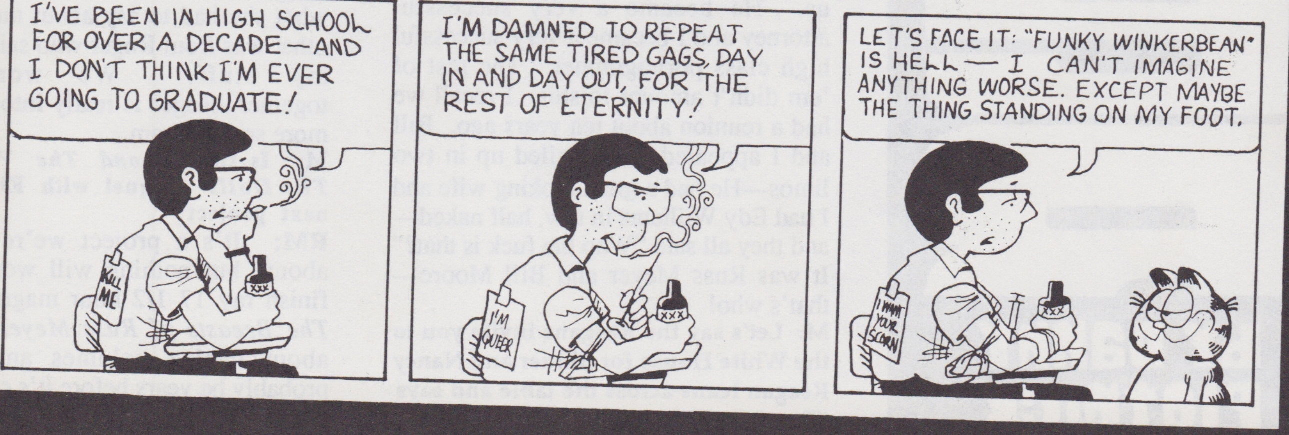
MARVIN 10/20/87


THEY PUT THE OLD FRIDGE OUTSIDE - I'D BETTER GO SEE IF THERE'S ANY FOOD LEFT IN IT!
AIN'T SO DAMN CUTE YOU COULD PLOTZ?
KINDA DARK... HEY, WAIT A MINUTE - THERE AREN'T ANY DOORHANDLES IN HERE...

U.S. ACRES 11/4/87


HI, ORSON
USDA
USDA
DON'T SAY HI THEN!

FUNKY WINKERBEAN 12/12/87


I'VE BEEN IN HIGH SCHOOL FOR OVER A DECADE - AND I DON'T THINK I'M EVER GOING TO GRADUATE!
KILL ME
XXX
I'M DAMNED TO REPEAT THE SAME TIRED GAGS, DAY IN AND DAY OUT, FOR THE REST OF ETERNITY!
I'M QUEER
XXX
LET'S FACE IT: "FUNKY WINKERBEAN" IS HELL - I CAN'T IMAGINE ANYTHING WORSE. EXCEPT MAYBE THE THING STANDING ON MY FOOT.
I WANT YOUR SCORN
XXX

the abundant world of
RUSS MEYER

by Danny Plotnick

For nearly thirty years, Russ Meyer, America's premiere independent film maker and breast fetishist, has been cranking out fast-moving, high-energy, sex n' violence epics revolving around the exploits of brazen, bold, and outrageously built leading ladies. These films have drawn fire from feminists offended by his sometimes stone-age treatment of women, and from film critics who cringe at his extreme plots and slangy dialogue, but they've also won him a loyal and growing cult following attuned to his trademark mix of brick house bodies, clumsy social commentary, and GI humor. After a Russ Meyer film festival that included such requisite Meyer flicks as Vixen, Motorpsycho, Cherry, Harry and Raquel, Faster Pussycat, Kill! Kill!, *and* Beyond The Valley Of The Dolls, *Mr. Meyer told me a thing or two...*

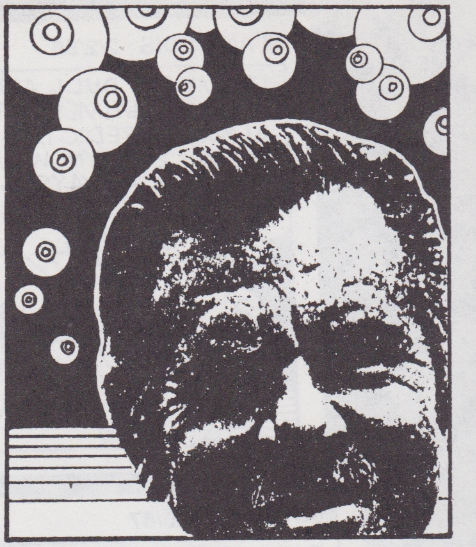
MOTORBOOTY: A lot of people have called you the King of Trash—How does that sit with you?

RUSS MEYER: People don't call me the King of Trash. They call me King Lear and King of the Knaves—but they don't call me King of Trash because that's really a misnomer. I don't think anyone's ever called me King of Trash except for you—second hand of course. I'm not offended, but those are scumbag expressions. I don't find that terribly upsetting, but that's totally inaccurate. It's "Russ Meyer the Art filmmaker".

M: In high school were you voted "most likely to become art filmmaker"?

RM: No. Me and my buddy—probably the least wealthy of anyone in the class—nobody voted anything for us. He became a very successful attorney and I became a very successful high class pornographer. The rest of 'em didn't amount to shit. I recall we had a reunion about ten years ago. Bill and I appeared. We pulled up in two limos—He had a great looking wife and I had Edy Williams in tow, half naked—and they all said "Who the fuck is that?" It was Russ Meyer and Bill Moore—that's who!

M: Let's say the Reagans invite you to the White House for dinner and Nancy Reagan leans across the table and says "But Mr. Meyer, can you name one socially redeeming quality in any of your films?"


Meyer

RM: I fight Communism.

M: And she says, "You're lying."

RM: Well I'd have to say, "Nancy you'll just have to see one of the films. Go see "Vixen" where I make a big statement about Communism."

M: There are only two actresses left in the world, Donna Reed and Doris Day—Who do you cast as the lead in your next film?

RM: I pick Leo Gorcey and Huntz Hall of the Bowery Boys and Dead End Kids.

M: Do you like Elvis movies?

RM: I like him very much, but they really short-changed the guy. In fact Roger Ebert and I just finished a script which is kind of a sequel in a sense to *Beyond The Valley Of The Dolls* in which we do a thing on Elvis. We call him "King Gillette"—a singer who is sexually over the hill and we see that he gets rejuvinated.

M: How did you meet and begin to collaborate with Roger Ebert?

RM: There was once a profile of me in *The Wall Street Journal* and there were only two responses. One from a lady from Terra Haute and you could imagine what she had to say about me, and the other was from Roger who said he liked my stuff. We work well together...Roger is really into tits, even more so than I am.

M: Is this *Beyond The Valley Of The Dolls* sequel with Ebert your next project?

RM: It's a project we're thinking about but nothing will work until I finish my 17 1/2 hour magnum opus, *The Breasts of Russ Meyer*. It'll be about twelve volumes and it will probably be years before it's completed. But I am going to bring one out this year which we'll call "Volume 7X" which will deal with two of the volumes which I call *Two Novellas from the Abundant Sixties*. The main reason is to get something out there. I have a lady who is so awesome and so abundant that she makes all women obsolete. Her name is Tundi. I got her out of Hungary. So that will come out. The rest I work on when I can. The rest of the time I have a good time. I go fishing and do a little womanizing with women of outrageous proportions.

M: What kind of formal film training did you have?

RM: If you want to call this crap they're handing down about formal film training...well I was trained in World War II as a combat cameraman. That's a good way to train. A good way to get your dick up. A good way to show you've got some courage—a good way to show you can take a chance. I've taken a chance on every film I've ever made. Nothing touches my wartime experience. I didn't want the war to end. I liked the war. I found a home in it. Every film I've ever done I've run it like the Army. That's why we get it done. Charles Napier—square-jawed man in *Super Vixens*, six more teeth than Burt Lancaster— said, "Meyer's a son of a bitch, but he gets the job done."

M: Lately independent filmmakers have had a lot of success. Does that bode well for you?

RM: I don't know—I've had my success. I've made a fortune, an incredible amount of money. Video now is a whole new thing. Most of these new films will never last more than nine months. Tonight we're celebrating films that are 20 years old and they don't lessen in attraction or interest. They grow and that's evidenced by video sales. A whole new generation is watching these things. These so- called "new generation" filmmakers, they've got a decent shot, but I can't think of any films other than maybe the Speilberg or Lucas films that will last. Very few will be around. They don't have something that for some reason films like mine have—and that's not just unique to me. John Waters has these kinds of films.

M: What about Sam Fuller's films?

RM: Sam is a friend of mine and I would never say anything negative about Sam, but regretably his films are being forgotten. Roger Ebert and I saw a couple Fuller films recently and they got an audience , but I daresay the interest in that kind of film is gonna die out. It's like the films that Mamie Van Doren starred in—who's gonna care? You've got to somehow keep reminding the people that you are there. One of the best things I ever did, even though I was losing money, was keeping these films in distribution. I kept them in front of the audiences when there was no video, and it's paid off. Now the video is attracting other viewers and everytime I can get into one of these Retro Houses to show the film I get a whole new audience. So I did something right there—it wasn't that I was planning it, that would be fatheaded—it's just that the films are so God-damned important to me . They're my children. I really care for them. I enjoy looking at them over and over again. I'm very flattered when people are so receptive of the films.

M: What's your favorite Russ Meyer film?

RM: No favorites, just scenes. The ending of *Beyond The Valley Of The Dolls*—Z Man (John LaZar) and Lance Rock (Michael Blodgett) get it going with the girls. Yesterday, for the first time it occured to me, and this is unique to my pictures 'cause the women were always the most important ingredient, but in *Beyond The Valley of The Dolls*, if it was not for John LaZar who played super woman and Z Man, and Michael Blodgett, the film wouldn't have had near the pop that it did. They welded the picture together. Whenever Z Man was on screen the film moved. It was that little thread that wove the fabric of the script. I never realized that until last night.

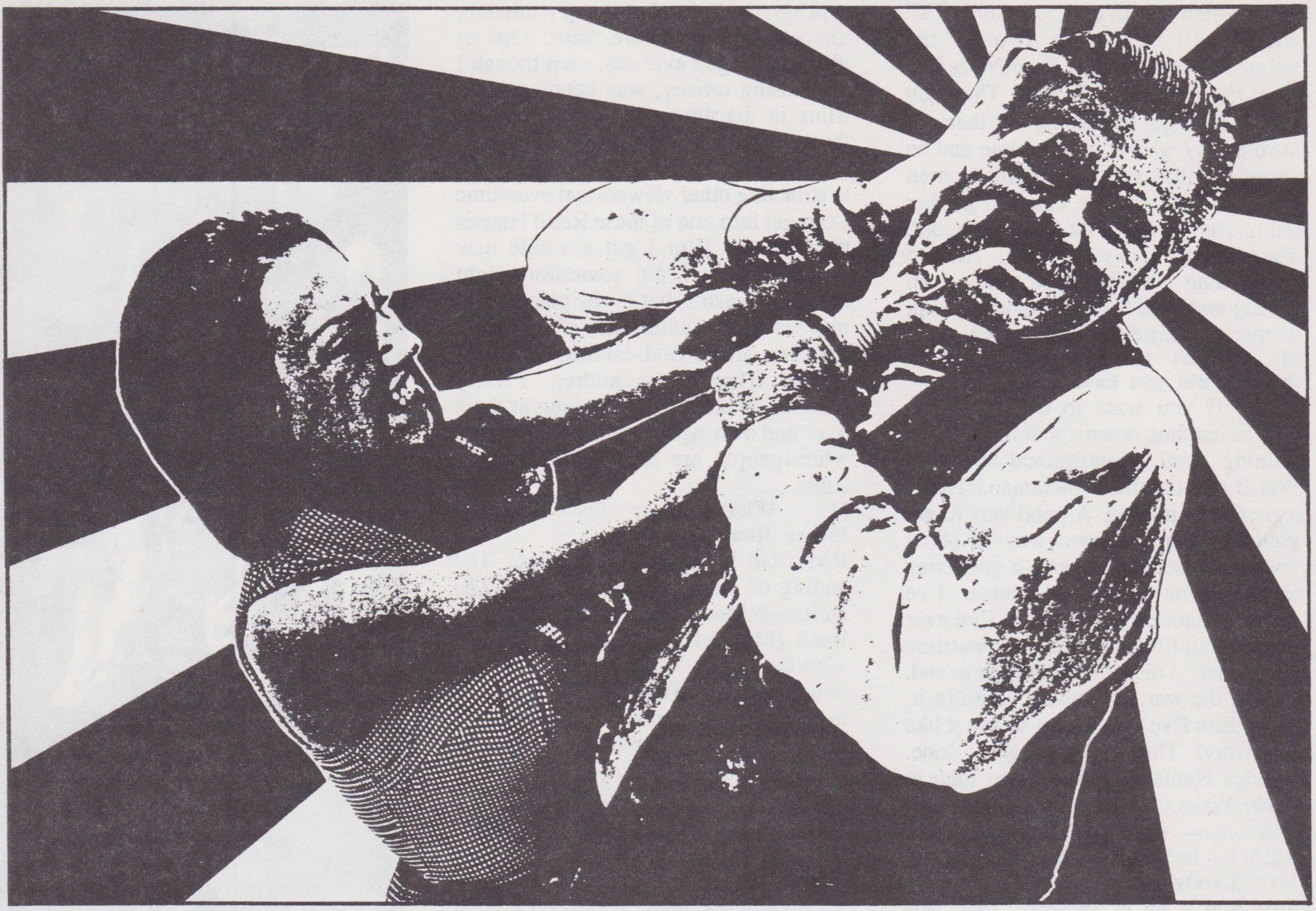
M: Whatever happened to the women of Russ Meyer's films?

RM: Sadly only one showed up for the festival—Haji from *Motorpsycho* and *Faster Pussycat*, and I think that's because she's the only one who really maintained her looks. She still looks pretty much like she did twenty, twenty-five years ago. The men—fine. It's different for older men than for older women. If you've got a couple of bucks you can get the best girl in town, and that's what most men do. If an old chick has got a lot of money she ain't neccessarily gonna keep a guy for any long period of time.

M: What's Haji doing now?

RM: She's living with a carpenter and she has a job. She was never really a full time actress. None of the girls were. Kit Natividad from *Beneath The Valley of the Ultravixens* has held up

From top—*Lorna (1964), Mudhoney (1965), Faster Pussycat, Kill! Kill! (1966), Vixen (1968), Cherry, Harry, and Raquel (1969)*



Haji tries unsuccessfully to wipe that shit-eating grin off Russ Meyer's face.

really well. She's still an active stripper. The girls were so out of kilter and proportion there was nowhere else for them to go except for a Russ Meyer film. Now they don't want to confront themselves on the screen. They can't handle it—it's a mirror.

M: Do they regret what they did?

RM: Not really. I haven't canvassed their opinions. This is an opinion of my own and I think it's quite factual. They're no different than anybody else. A woman doesn't want to look at old home movies when by and large she was pretty. They can't cope with that. For the men it's a different thing. They were generally character actors and by and large they were ugly to begin with.

M: How come most of the men in your films are these outdoorsmen, fishermen types?

RM: 'Cause most of my films are shot outdoors in rural circumstances. I like the idea of having things that are not very complex. Five man crew, only a few actors. The girls were always the most important thing. The girls were the strong ones, the ones that take advantage of the men, that use the men, abuse the men—but that's my taste too—I like women a little aggressive, mirroring my tastes. They're very personal films. I've just encountered a young lady who's extremely abundant and we've become quite close. I wanted to do some filming with her so I sent her a cassette—this is *after* we'd slept together. She said "I'd love to be in it. It's like a cartoon—fleshed out characters." There's nothing dirty or unpleasant about it. It's the stigma of the "X" that's bad. For example *Beyond The Valley Of The Dolls* was "X" rated—an MPAA "X" not "XXX", but "X."

M: What was *Faster Pussycat* rated?

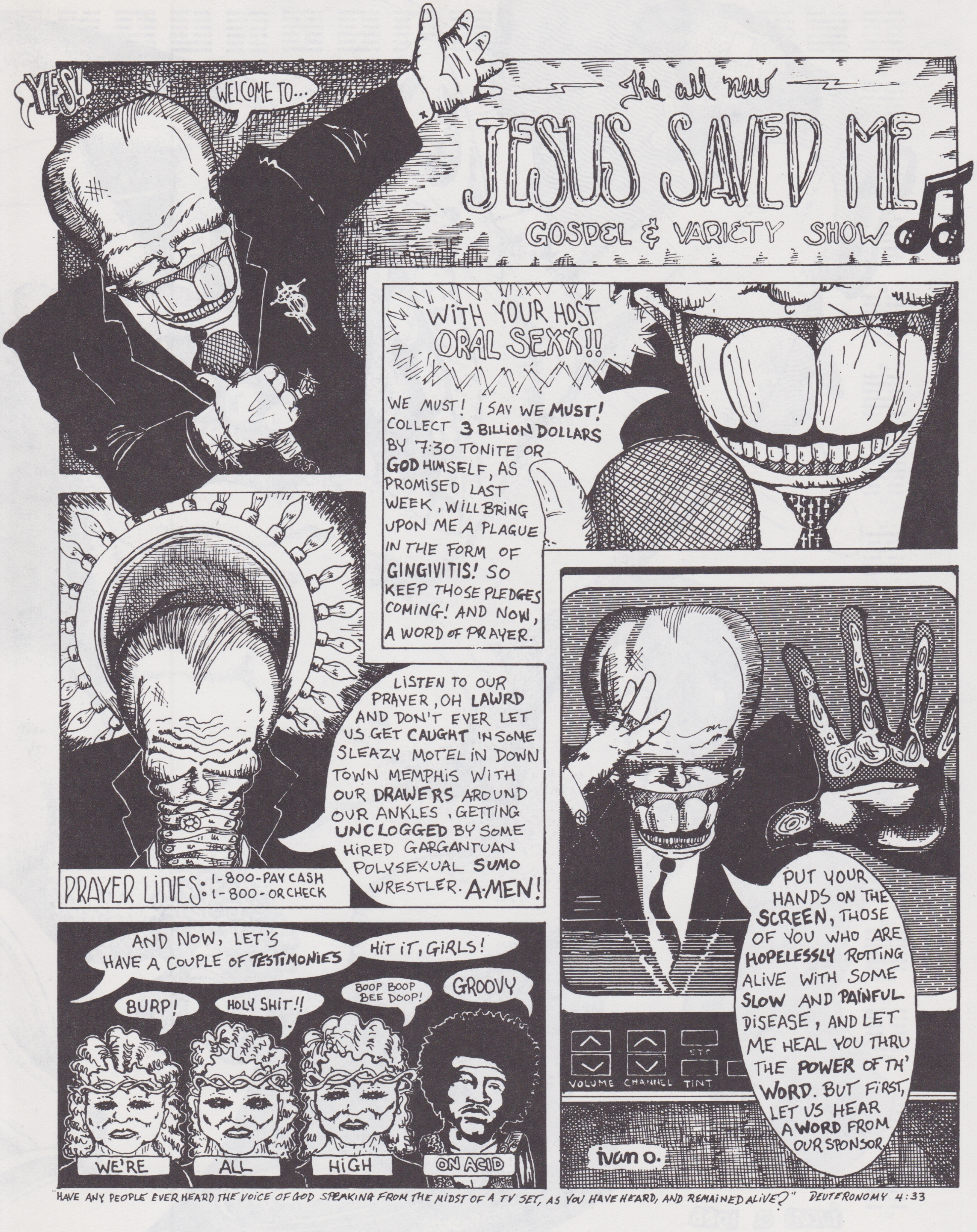
RM: It wasn't. The first film I had rated, which was the second "X" of all time, was *Vixen*. The first "X" was a Warner Brothers film called *Girl on a Motorcycle* starring Marianne Faithfull. They were so fucked they put it away. They didn't release it. They've done a great job of creating the atmosphere of the "X" as the worst possible thing that could happen.

M: Any interesting anecdotes from the filming of *Pussycat?*

RM: I always had a thing about restraining vital juices on my shoots in fear that something might go awry. I wanted people to hold that tension and pent-up desires for the camera. But one day Tura Santana said "I know you have a policy about people getting laid on your films, but I need it. I need it very bad." I knew she had me up against a wall, so I said "I don't like people bringing in outsiders" and she said "Someone in the crew would be fine—like the cameraman" and I said "O.K., but only once a night." For my magnum opus I like to verify things so just recently I asked the cameraman "Once a night?" and he said "No. All night!"

M: Did people react to the violence against women in *Faster Pussycat?*

RM: I don't give a shit, nor do I have to answer to any kind of criticism—the feminists be damned. They all look like Groucho Marx. I've never seen a good feminist. A feminist belongs in either the kitchen or the bedroom and not necessarily in that particular order.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AND NOW, LET'S HAVE A COUPLE OF TESTIMONIES
HIT IT, GIRLS!
BURP!
HOLY SHIT!!
BOOP BOOP BEE DOOP!
GROOVY
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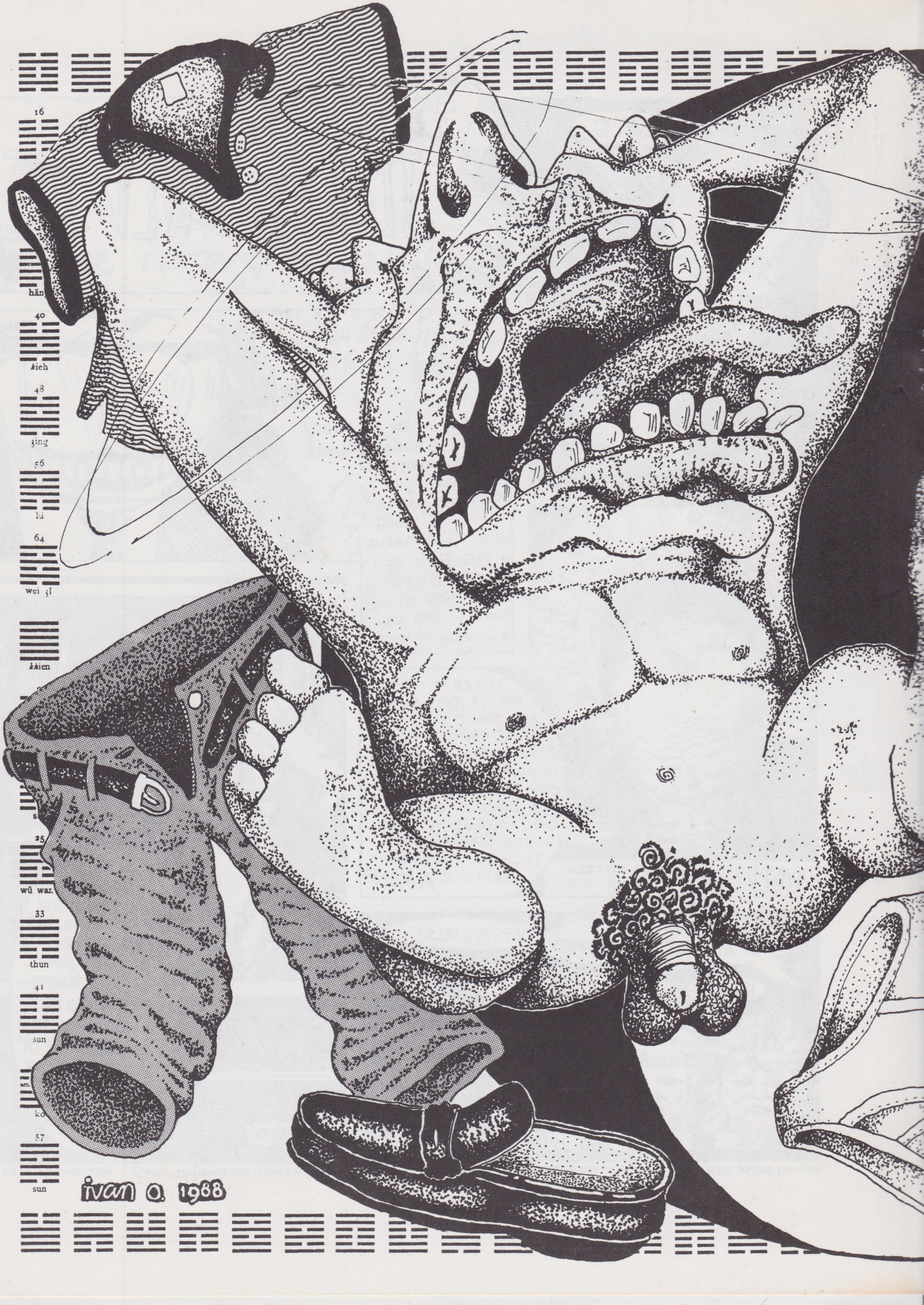
"HAVE ANY PEOPLE EVER HEARD THE VOICE OF GOD SPEAKING FROM THE MIDST OF A TV SET, AS YOU HAVE HEARD, AND REMAINED ALIVE?" DEUTERONOMY 4:33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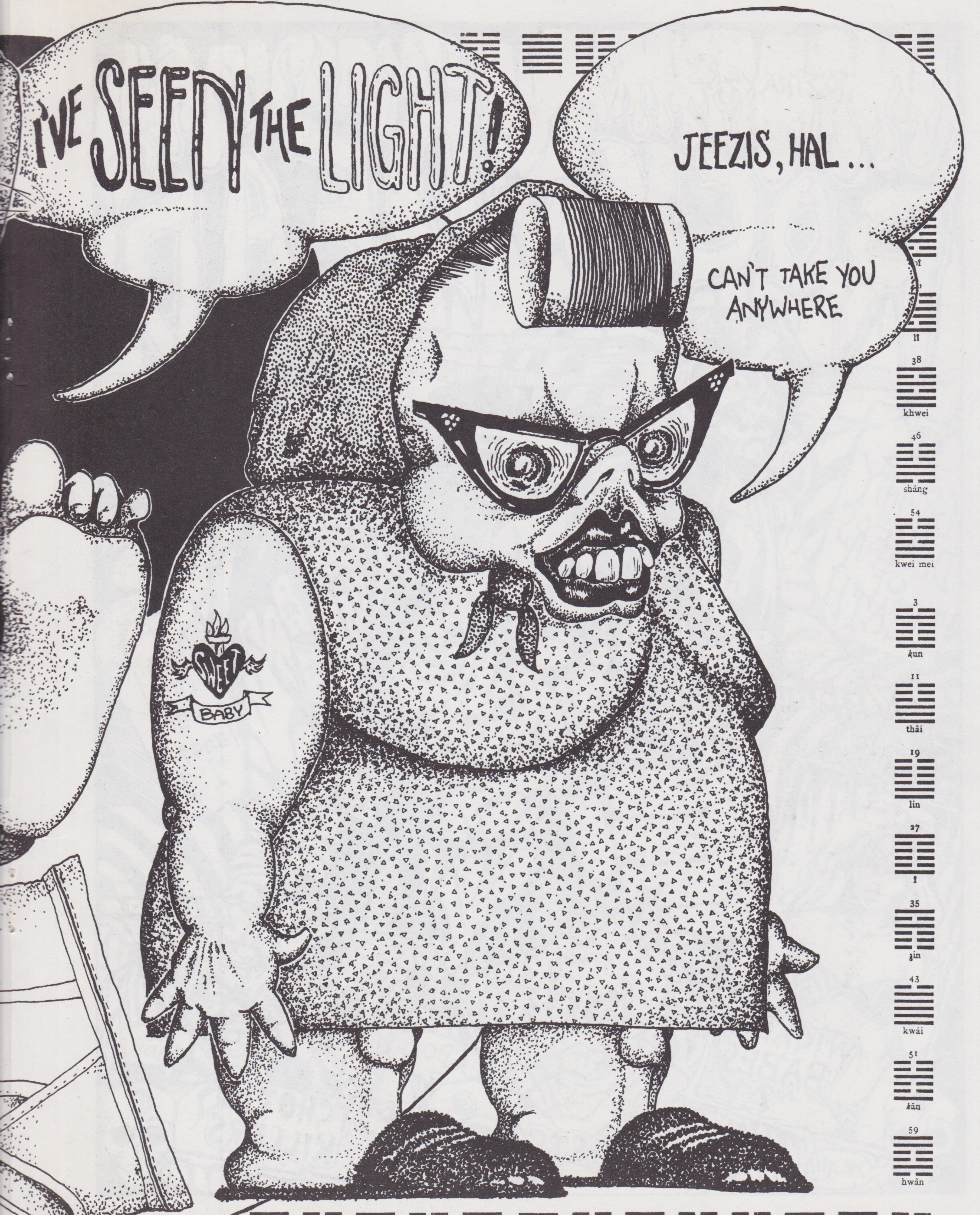
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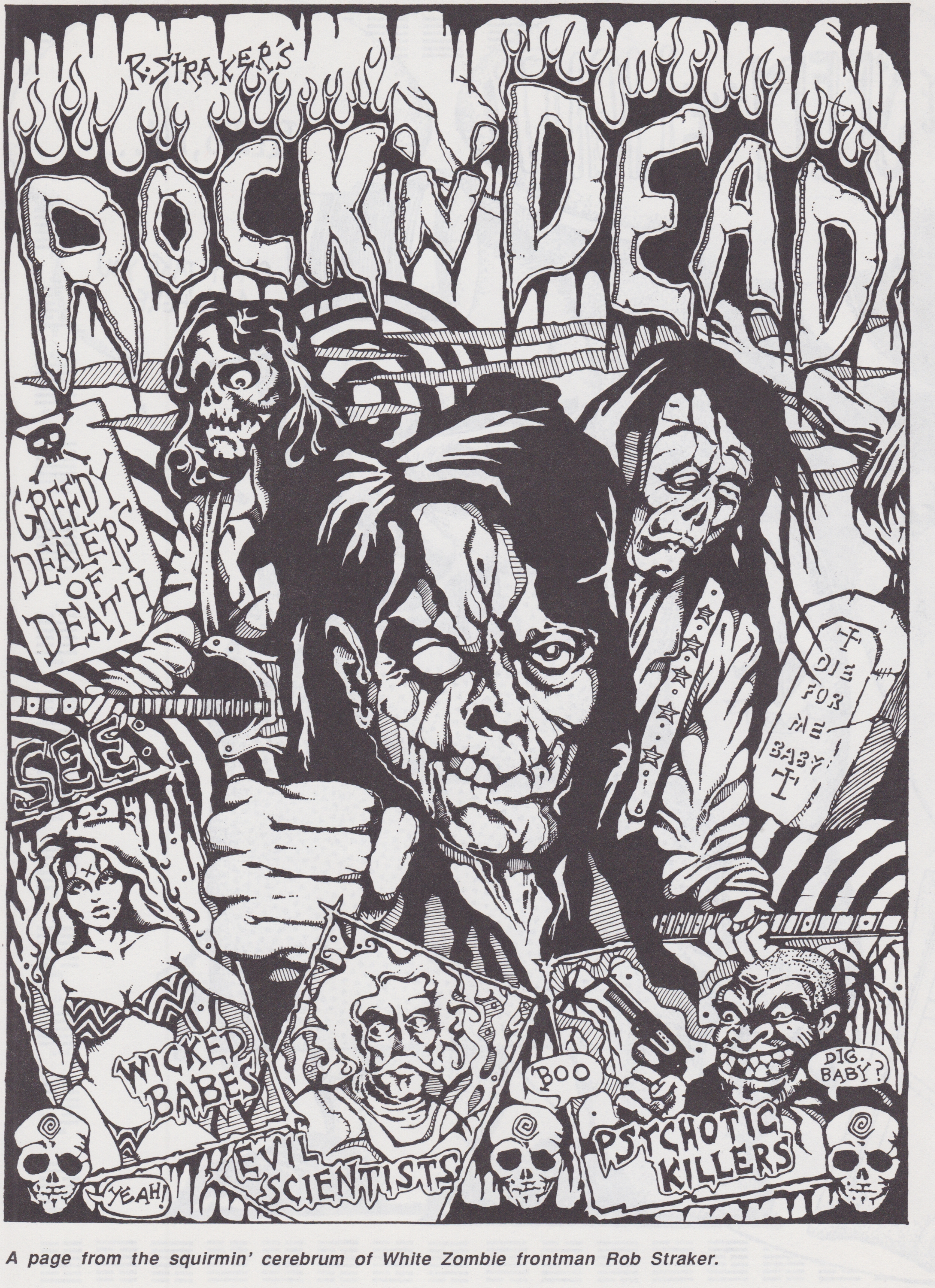
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DIE FOR ME BABY!
WICKED BABES
YEAH!
EVIL SCIENTISTS
BOO
PSYCHOTIC KILLERS
DIG, BABY?

A page from the squirmin' cerebrum of White Zombie frontman Rob Straker.

WHITE ZOMBIE

NEW YORK CITY'S HEAVY METAL LOSERS?

White Zombie are New York's last persuasive argument against the city's immediate destruction by heat-seeking anti-hype missles. They've got buffalo-butt, Richter scale drums, constantly pushing each song through one time change mutation after another; frozen mastodon bass, carving glacier-deep holes in your head with its heaviness and moving just about as fast; carbolic acid guitar, burning white streaks of heat through the rhythm structures; and vocals straight from the pancreas, a Godzilla-at-Golgotha-like sound that tramples all words in its path. On record (a palmful of singles, last year's amazing ***Psycho-Head Blowout*** LP, and the new ***Soul Crusher*** LP, all on the band's own Silent Explosion label), the foursome kick out a sacrilegious squawk that is simultaneously the most out-of-sync skronk this side of a kindergarten orchestra, and the tightest sonic noose ever placed around your neck, electro-shocking heavy metal into psycho-motor seizures, and skinning Geezer Butler's cat alive. On stage they're even more frenetic, with more 'locked hair than a reggae funeral, a guitarist prone to falling off the stage in mid-song, and a throatist who performs limbo-to-the-Nth-degree leaps and gyrations. Some misguided folks have slagged White Zombie as a cut-rate Pussy Galore (NYC's mega-hype, groovy hate truck /aut-rock swindle), but having seen both White Zombie (at St. Andrews in an unannounced opening shot for the Necros) and Wussy Galore (at a regular Pigfuck Woodstock with The Honeymonn Killers, The Black Snakes, and Slaughterhouse, at the Graystone), I can honestly say that there is no comparison: White Zombie ***rock the fuck out.***

Present: Ivan (drums), Sean (bass), Tom (guitar), and Rob (vocals), assorted **MOTORBOOTY** staff members, and rock critic Chuck Eddy, who asked all the Aerosmith questions, and most of the other ones.

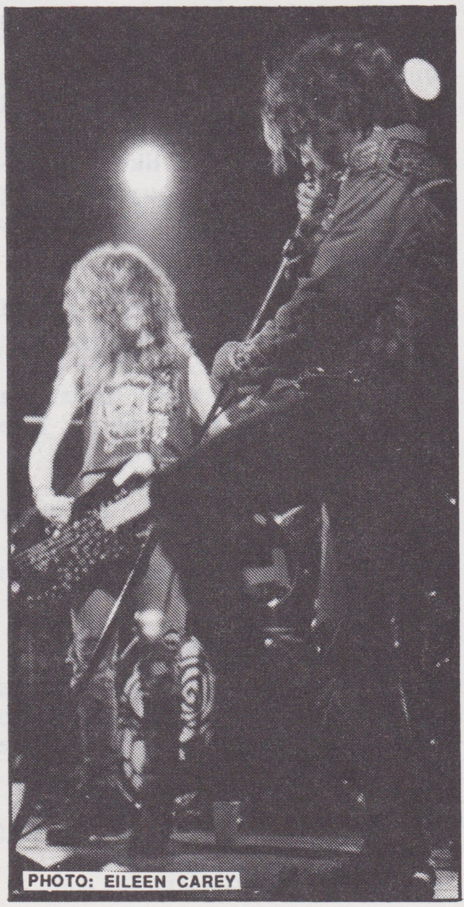


PHOTO: EILEEN CAREY

MOTORBOOTY: So what's the deal with all these New York bands? How come all the New York bands suck except for you guys?

TOM: We're the only New York band.

M: Is rock dead there? We just saw Pussy Galore a little while ago...

TOM: We thought rock was dead in New York, but when you go elsewhere, everyone's pretty lame.

ROB: The New York crowds are pretty receptive, but we always get matched up with faggy bands.

M: Yeah, in New York that goes without saying. Of course you've got Chain Gang—is Chain Gang still around or what's the deal?

ROB: Chain Gang—well they're up and coming I guess. Ha ha.

M:So is there a big Ramones revival in New York?

SEAN: Revival? It's always been there.

ROB: I didn't know it ever died, but I wish it would.

SEAN: It thrives man. I just saw the Joey Ramone Beach Party wet t-shirt contest on MTV...

M: How about Dinosaur? Do you guys think Dinosaur are a '60's White Zombie?

SEAN: Fuck no!

ROB: We're the only people who aren't bowing at the Dinosaur altar.

TOM: But I'm sure they're a bunch of nice guys.

M: Then what's the best New York band besides you guys?

SEAN: I'd say the band that's doing the best is Pussy Galore.

M: The best *good* band?

SEAN: I can't think of any. We're too preoccupied with our own band.

TOM: We're too preoccupied with the Cro-Mags.

SEAN: I did see them once. They were pretty good actually...

M: Are you guys one of those lower east side bands?

SEAN: No. We started in Brooklyn actually.

TOM: The heavy metal capital of the world. And we're heavy metal losers.

ROB: According to all Connecticut fanzines.

TOM: Yeah—Connecticut sucks.

M: There are a lot of Connecticut fanzines?

ROB: There's a lot of shitty ones that no one knows about, but those are the

PHOTO: EILEEN CAREY

ones I like to read. "Heavy Metal losers that just discovered punk rock yesterday." We're pretty proud of that tag.

M: Yeah, that sounds like something to be proud of. But you guys were like a blues band on those early singles.

SEAN: Oh yeah—before Tom we had a guitarist that was really into country.

ROB: Yeah, because we just discovered punk rock yesterday.

TOM: When I came into the band I said no more blues—haven't you guys ever heard of *Minor Threat?*

M: You sound just like 'em too! So are you guys all Catholics or what?

TOM: Well uh..yeah.

M: Because one of the songs off the "Pig Heaven" single seems really Catholic. How many singles were there, anyway?

SEAN: Two singles, but only a few hundred got out.

ROB: Yeah, but nobody has 'em. Well Barry (Henssler) has 'em.

M: So, if you guys could cover any disco song—you guys don't do any covers do you?

TOM: Well we don't do any disco songs, but we do disco dance.

M: But if you could?

SEAN: We'll be doing a surprising cover soon.

IVAN: A Kiss song....

ROB: AHEM—quite a *surprise*—it's always a *surprise* to me...

TOM: Yeah—how surprising.

SEAN: No, we don't do any now, but if we were going to cover a disco song it would be "Jungle Boogie"

M: Does it take you a long time to come up with all these complicated twists in the songs, where the songs change where they're going every two or three seconds? Or is that just how you guys play?

TOM: That's the way we play.

ROB: That's why we don't do covers, 'cause we can't play—Ivan can't do any covers

IVAN: Yeah—I can't hold a steady beat for too long.

ROB: I never thought about it—that's just the way it happens, and everyone says "Oh that sounds all fucked up." We're getting these reviews saying everything's backwards, fucked up, and twisted.

M: Yeah, it sounds like "inside-out Sabbath"! You guys are big Sabbath fans, right? What's the best Sabbath album?

SEAN: *Sabotage.*

M: Really? You guys sound closer to *Master of Reality*...

SEAN: Oh yeah?

M: Sort of—and then there are rhythm breaks that sound like early '70's Miles Davis...

SEAN: Yeah?

M: For about three or four seconds.

TOM: Wasn't Ozzy in Black Sabbath once?

ROB: Shut up ya mouth...

M: So what inspires the lyrics?

TOM: Well Rob has this guy upstairs from him that yells and screams and Rob just writes the stuff down. I was there once helping him.

ROB: Oh yeah—that's right.

M: Don't you guys go to Art School? Or didn't you ?

TOM: We all kinda got kicked out.

ROB: I went to an art high school.

TOM: I got kicked out of high school.

M: So you guys aren't college rock anymore?

SEAN: No. Just pitiful scumbag workers.

ROB: Sad to say we can't play with Das Damen.

TOM: REO Speedwagon is college rock.

M: Then you guys all have day jobs in Brooklyn? Who has the worst job?

ALL: Tom!

ROB: It gets touchy.

TOM: I might as well say it, I massage a geriatric Russian lady.

M: Which one?

IVAN: My grandmother.

TOM: She speaks Russian so I have to know if I'm doing it the right way by the noises she makes.

M: If you could be touring with any band right now, who would you be touring with?

ROB: WASP

M: What's the worst Beatles song of all time?

TOM: "Octopus' Garden"

ROB: Anything by Paul McCartney...

M: What do you think of the latest Aerosmith album?

ROB: That would be *Permanent Vacation*...yes...

M: You guys just aren't big music fans, are you?

ROB: We just got into the music thing yesterday.

M: Were any of you in jazz bands?

SEAN: Not really.

M: Not really? You were or you weren't.

ROB: Well sort of.

M: Then that's where the Miles Davis influence comes in!

SEAN: We were in the school jazz band.

TOM: Yeah, I got all my hot licks from that jazz ensemble.

M: So Rob, are you a big gymnast?

SEAN: Yeah we're sending him off to the Special Olympics.

ROB: All those years I couldn't get on the team in high school...

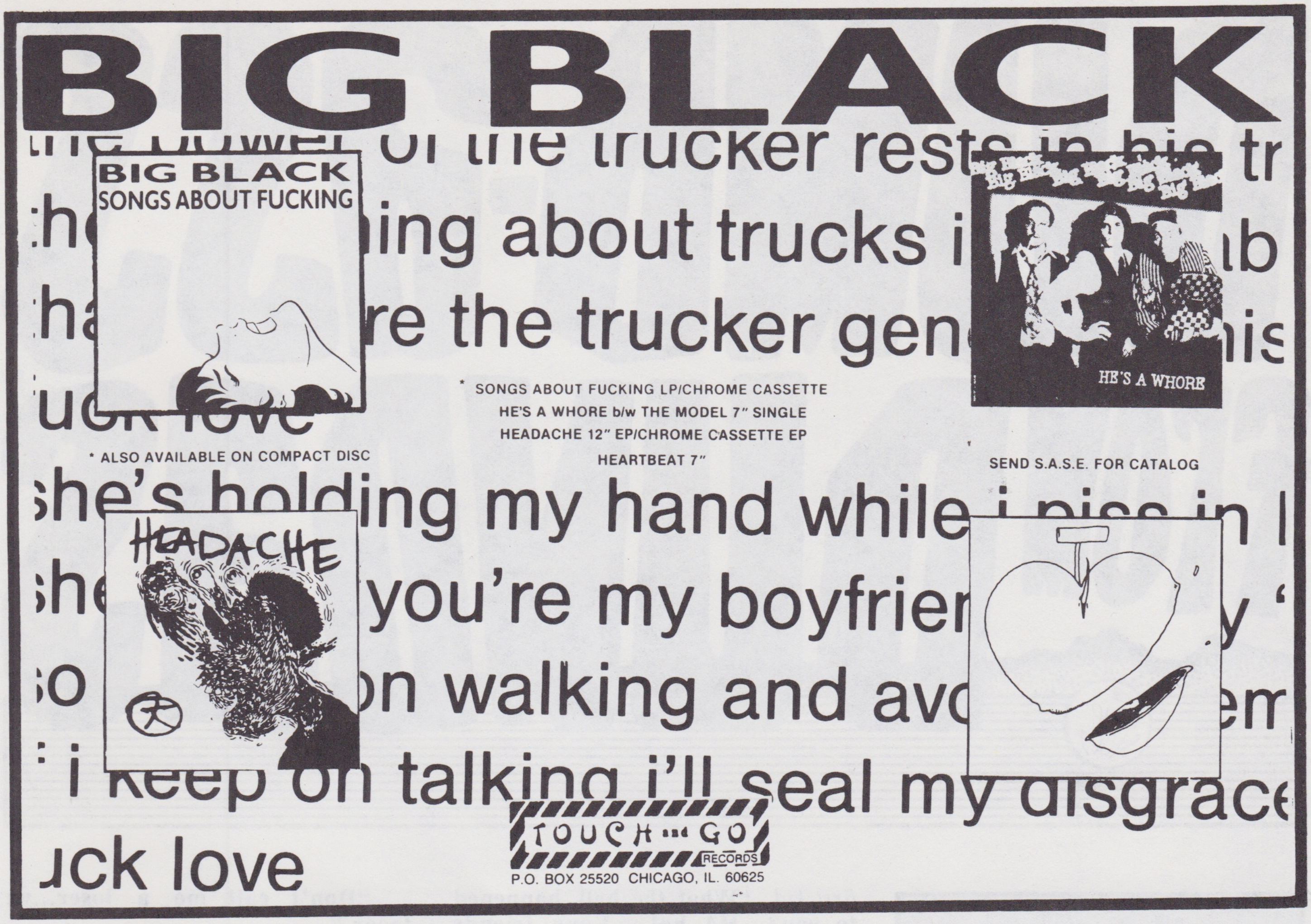
TOM: He does one of the smoothest Russian splits I've seen.

M: So is White Zombie going to be around five years from now?

ROB: Yeah, but none of us will be in the band. It keeps changing.

TOM: It's like Menudo.

ROB: Yeah, exactly. Sean is almost on her way out. One more year and she's gone.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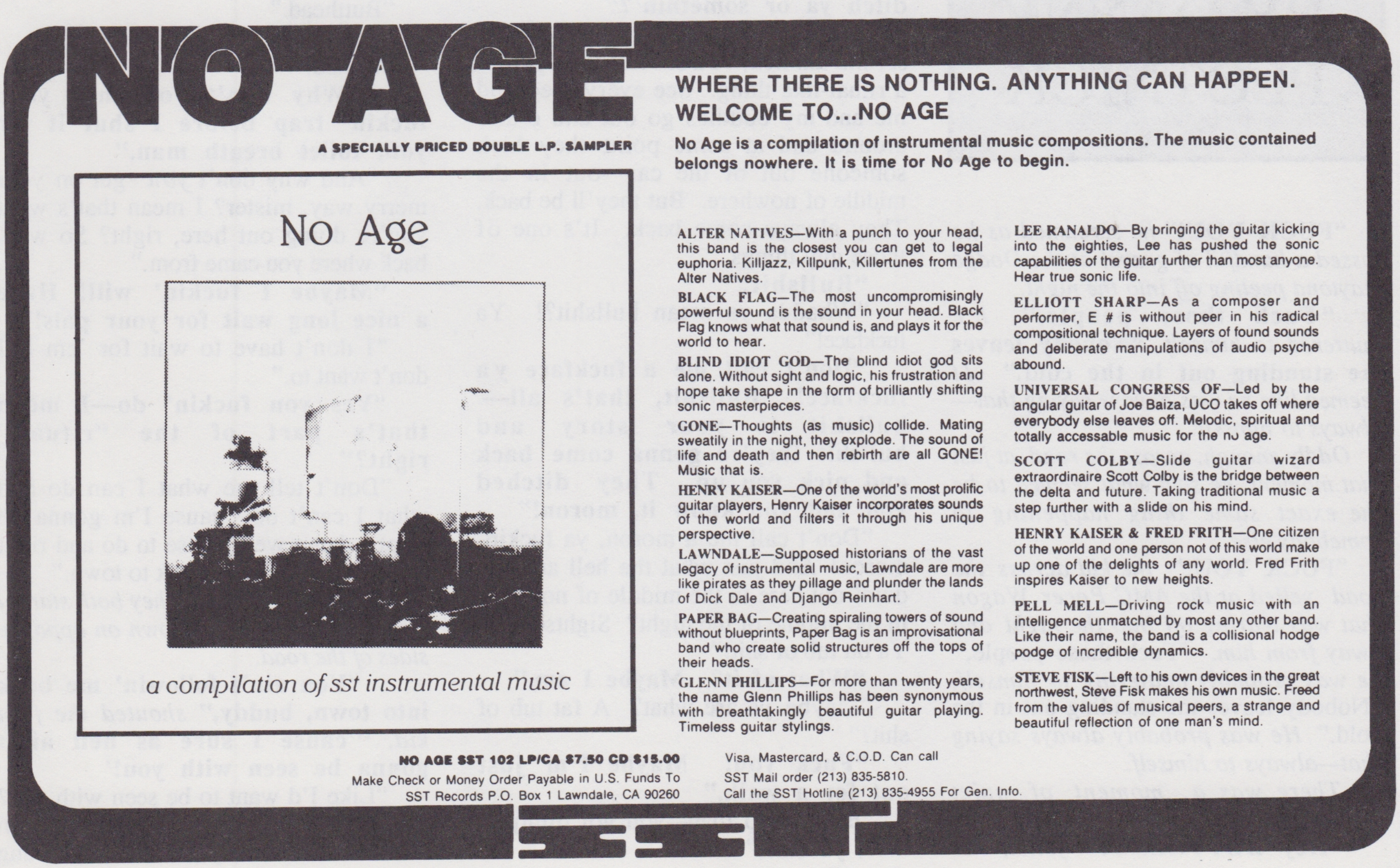
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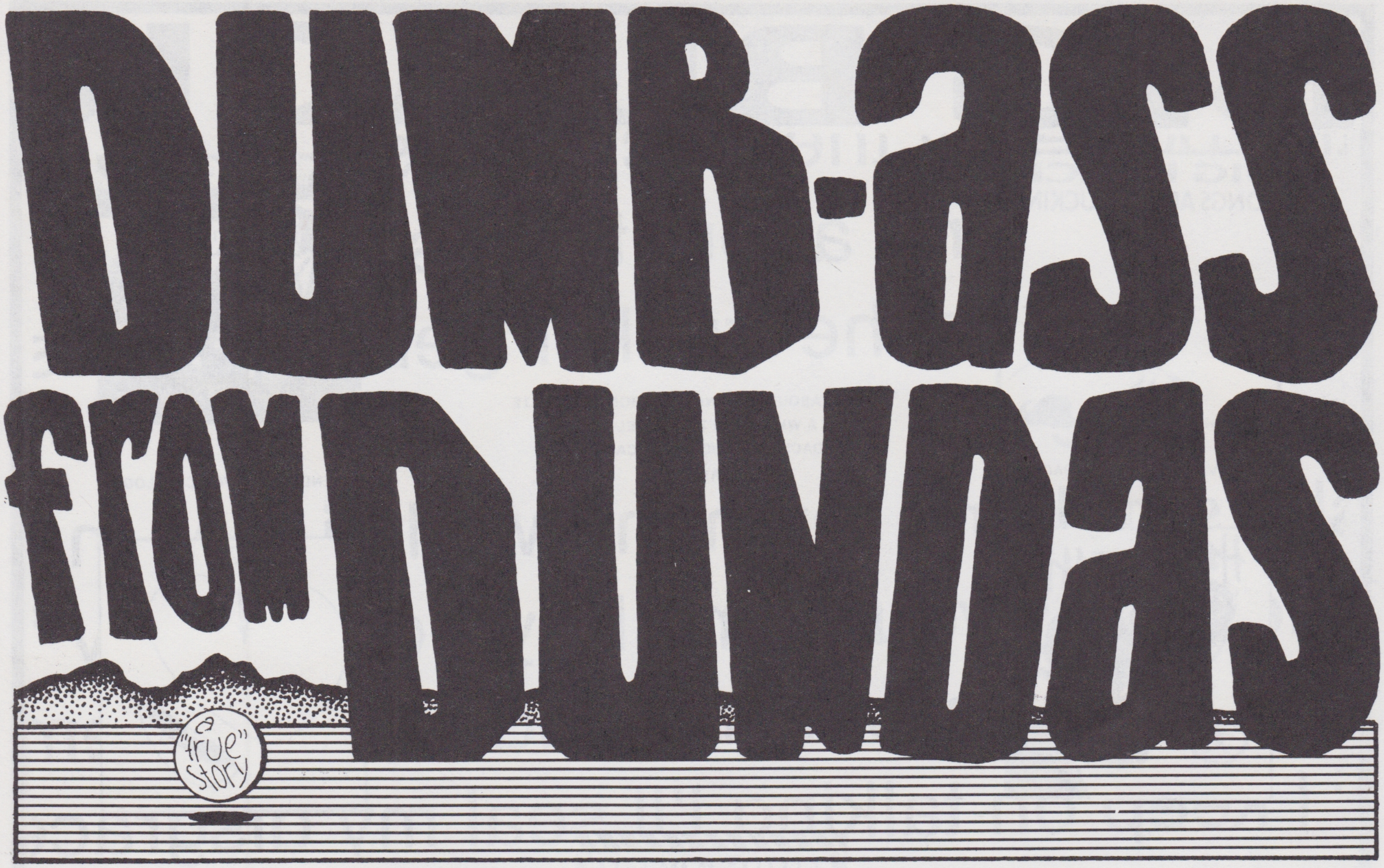


DUMB-ASS from DUNDAS

BY DANNY PLOTNICK

“FUCK YOU!” *he screamed as he tossed a handful of gravel at the Dodge Daytona peeling off into the night.*

“Fuck those people,” *he muttered to himself.* **“Nobody leaves me standing out in the cold.”** *It seemed like he was always saying that—always to himself.*

Oddly enough, across the road, at just that moment, he saw what seemed to be the exact same thing happening to somebody else.

“FUCK YOU!” *the kid across the road yelled at the AMC Pacer Wagon that was tearing off into the night and away from him.* “Fuck those people,” *he was probably muttering to himself,* “Nobody leaves me standing out in the cold.” *He was probably always saying that—always to himself.*

There was a moment of quiet despair, but it didn't last.

“Hey BUTTHEAD!” *yelled the first kid.,* **“What the hell happened to you? HA ha! Your friends ditch ya or somethin’?”**

“Uh...No—No way, man,” *the second kid lied,* “Ya see this is all part of a ritual-like thing. See every weekend me and my buddies go out and cruise around and at some point they kick someone out of the car—out in the middle of nowhere. But they'll be back. They always come back. It's one of those guy things.

“Bullshit.”

“Whadda ya mean bullshit?! Ya fuckface!”

“Don't call me a fuckface ya fuckface! Bullshit, that's all—bullshit to your story and bullshit they're gonna come back and pick you up. They ditched you and you know it, moron!”

“Don't call me a moron, ya fuckin' moron! And just what the hell are you doin' out here in the middle of nowhere in the middle of the night? Sightseeing? Ya fat tub of shit!”

“What of it? Maybe I am.”

“Maybe ya are what? A fat tub of shit?”

“Fuck you! Maybe I'm just out for a walk.”

“Bullshit to that—you got dumped here, ya loser.”

“Don't call me a loser...ya loser.”

“Butthead.”

“Asswipe.”

“Gonad.”

“Why don't you shut your fuckin' trap before I shut it for you, toilet breath man.”

“And why don't *you* get on your merry way, mister? I mean that's what you're doing out here, right? So walk back where you came from.”

“Maybe I fuckin' will! Have a nice long wait for your pals!”

“I don't have to wait for 'em if I don't want to.”

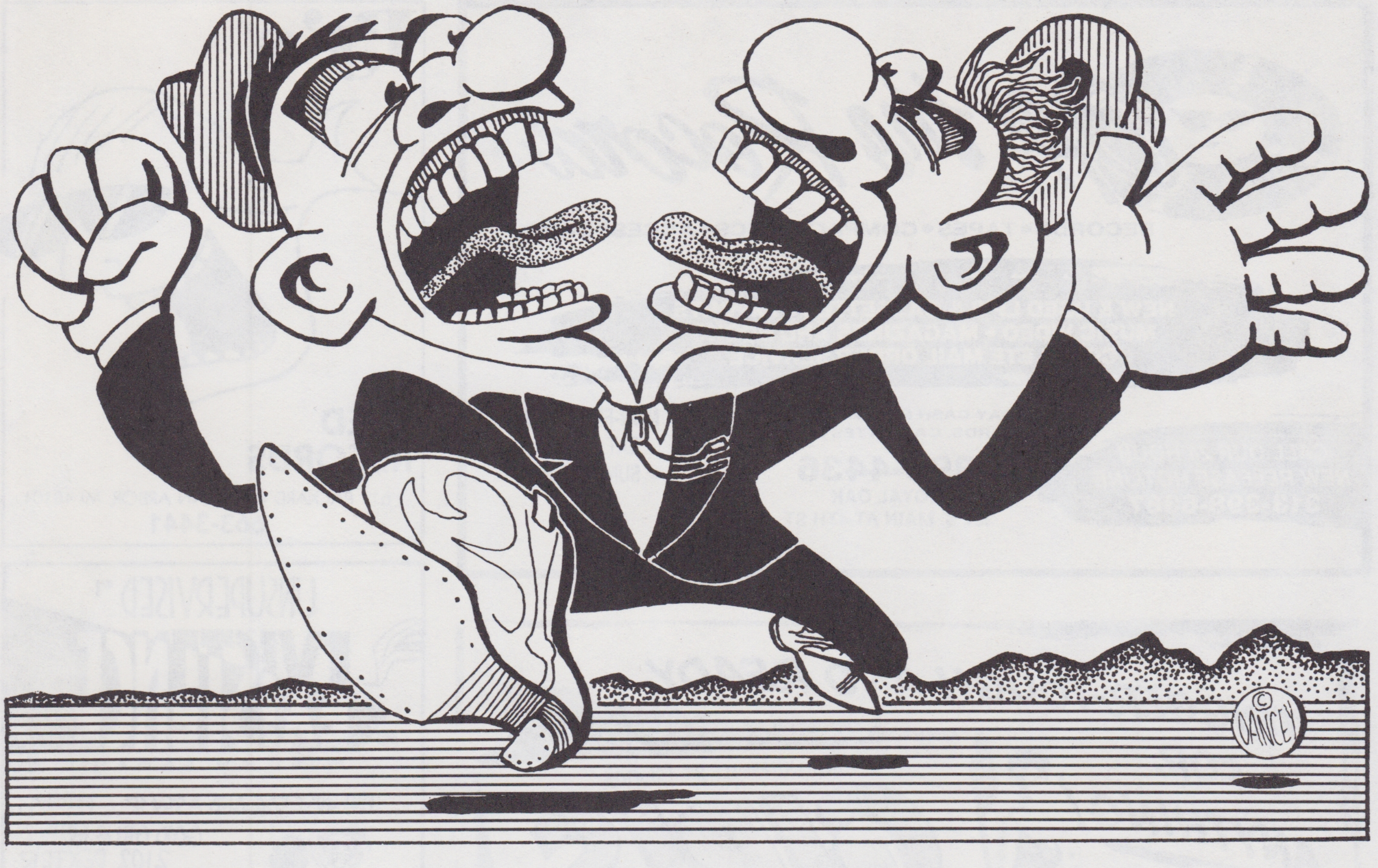
“Yes you fuckin' do—I mean that's part of the “ritual,” right?”

“Don't tell me what I can do and what I can't do, 'cause I'm gonna do what I damn well please to do and right now I'm gonna walk back to town.”

Quiet for a moment, they both started walking back towards town on opposite sides of the road.

“You ain't followin' me back into town, buddy,” *shouted the first kid,* **“'cause I sure as hell ain't gonna be seen with you!'**

“Like I'd want to be seen with you? I'd rather be seen walking around town naked with six ten-pound salmon strung



around my neck!"

"Let's get one thing straight, ya fuckin' loser—I don't wanna walk with you, and I don't want to talk to you. I don't even want to know who you are.'

"Bill Daft from Dumbass, Ohio. Ah ha ha—Get it? I'm from Dundas, get it? Dumbass—Dundas! Oh, that's a great one."

"That's the stupidest fucking thing I've ever heard. Why don't you shut up?"

"Fuck you! That's a great joke. Everybody always laughs at it."

"Everybody always laughs at you, ya stoop—Hey! here comes a car. Maybe he'll stop for us."

"You mean maybe he'll stop for me, 'cause I sure as hell ain't gettin' in a car with you. I'd rather walk back to town myself."

"Well maybe you will."

"Just be cool and don't ruin it for me.'

"Hey, he's stopping."

It was a guy in a Chrysler Cordoba. "You guys need a ride or something?"

"Yeah. I need a ride, and so does he, but you don't want to pick him up 'cause he's a seat wetter and he'll wet your seat. Ain't that right, upholstery stainer?"

"Yeah right, ya dukey-sniffer."

"Toilet seat."

"Gutterface."

"Mamby pamby."

"Momma's boy."

"Dumpbreath."

"Pusswad."

"Butt scratch."

"Asswipe."

"Cheesedick."

"Loser."

Fed up, the guy in the Cordoba rolled up his window and mag-wheeled it off into the night and away from them.

"FUCK YOU!" they screamed in unison. "Fuck these people," they muttered to themselves. "Nobody leaves me standing out in the cold." They were always saying that—always to themselves.

"Nice going, butthead," *the first kid said dejectedly.*

"Ya know," *said Bill from Dundas, Ohio,* "You're a loser and all, but it's gettin' late and I wouldn't mind gettin' home and if maybe we would of, you know, acted a little cooler, we could've gotten a ride from that guy."

"Yeah, I know. I mean you're a jerk and all, but I've walked this far with you and I guess sittin' in a car with you wouldn't be that bad—I mean it'd be bad, but if we got home, I suppose I wouldn't mind it that much. I mean, I think I could keep myself from puking."

"Yeah, I guess if I had to sit in a car with you I could keep from wretching...as long as I rolled down the window."

And then, as luck would have it, a passing VW Rabbit convertible with two girls in front and two empty seats in back pulled to a stop. "You guys need a ride or somethin'?" called the blonde in the passenger's seat.

"Yeah. I need a ride, and so does he, but you don't want him sittin' in your car 'cause he's a windbreaker, upholstery stainer, dumpbreath, buttscratch, asswipe, cheesedick, and a goddamned toilet eater!"

The two girls glanced at each other. "Hop in," they said to Bill from Dundas, Ohio. Bill hopped in. As the convertible shotgunned off, he could've sworn he heard Bill say, "Hi! I'm Bill from Dumbass, Ohio!" A thousand feet up the road the VW Rabbit came to a screeching halt as Bill was tossed out of the car and onto the gravel .

"Loser," *the first kid thought. And he couldn't help but smile.*

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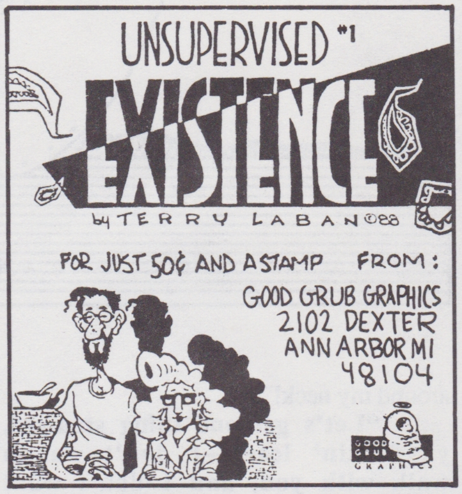

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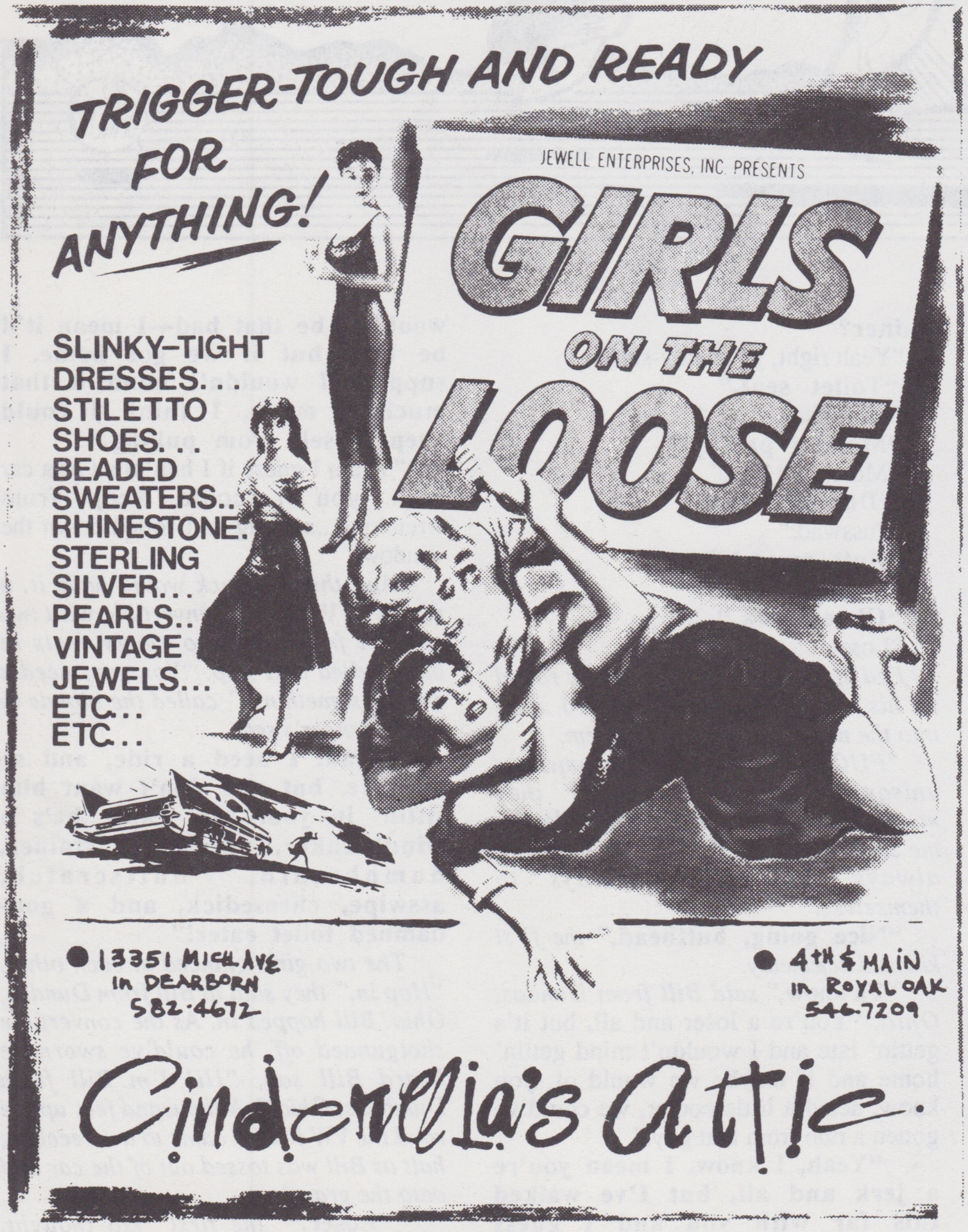

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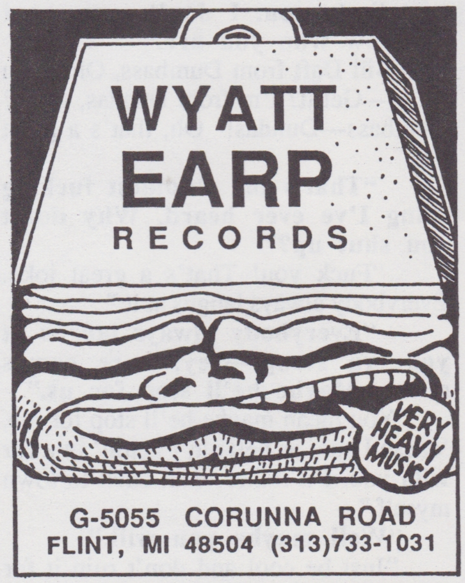

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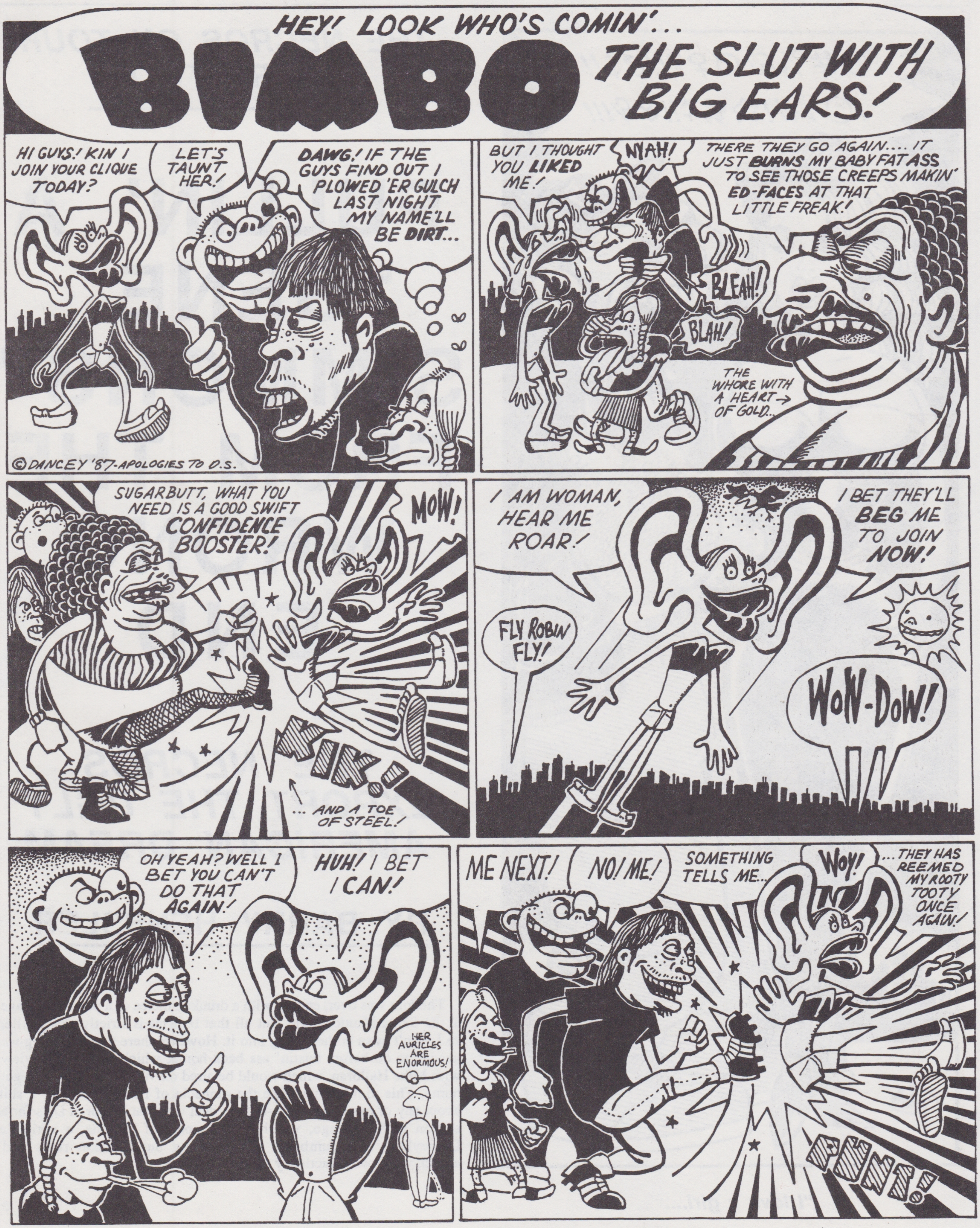
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NO! ME!
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WOY!
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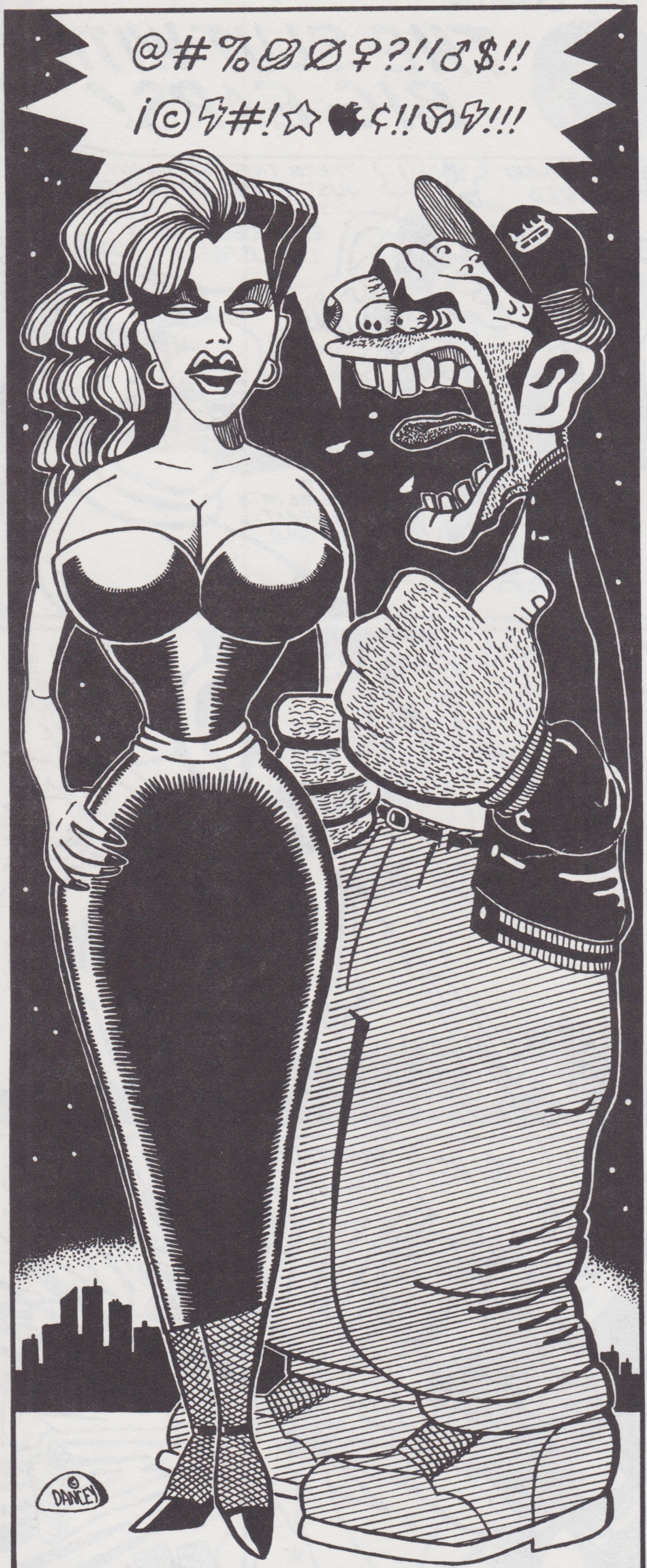


"I love a girl....

THE NECROS ON TOUR PART TWO

PULLIN' A "GENE SIMMONS" FROM THE WRONG END

THE NECROS EXPORT THE UGLY AMERICAN DREAM

BY BARRY HENSSLER

The tour was over, ending with a drunken melee of a party backstage at the Santa Monica civic, but all that bullshit is strictly yawnsville, so I won't even bother going into it. However there was one thing we needed to do before bustin' ass back home, which was an interview with Mike Halloran, which would be aired on WLLZ the week we got home. This didn't sound like the pinnacle of fun—who gives a shit about any of our opinions?—but the deal was that Halloran DJ's for a station in San Diego, which is just north of Tijuana, a veritable Disneyland for scumbags, with nothing but D-ticket rides and attractions. It was practically calling our name.

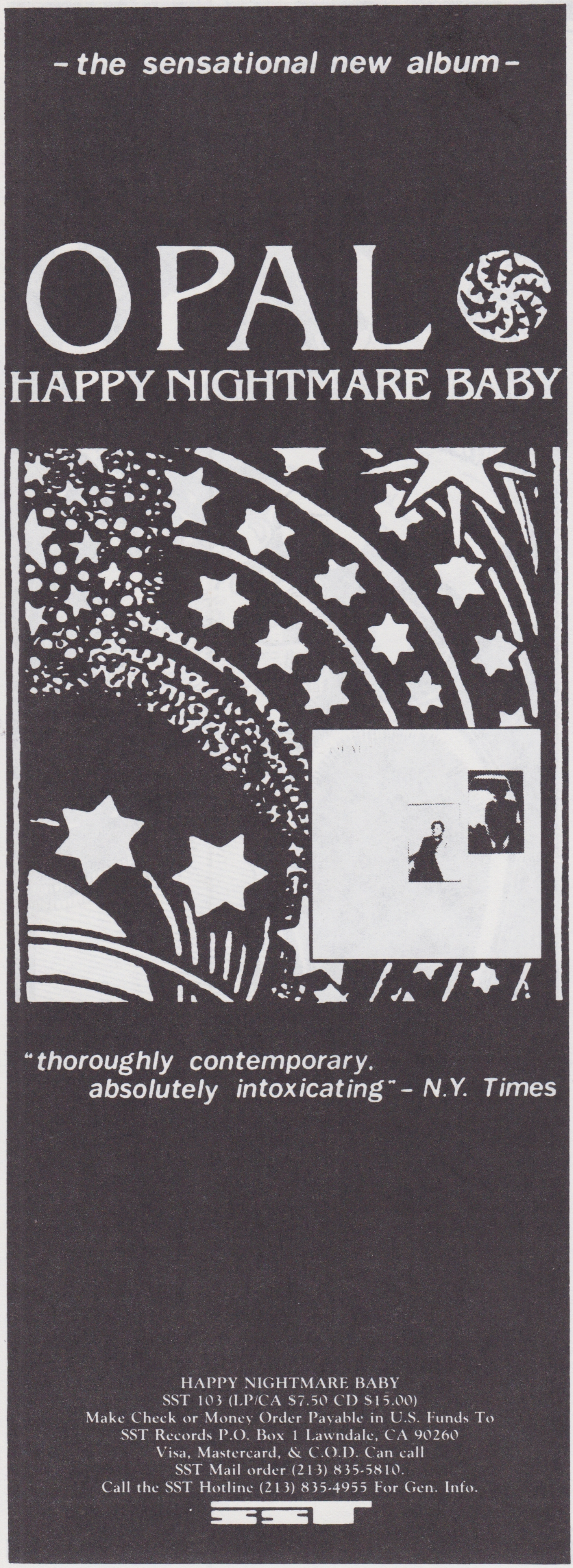
On the trip down I told everyone about this guy I know who everyone calls "Animal." Animal is a really great guy, sort of a cross between Bluto of *Animal House* and Richard Speck. If you mention Animal to any girl who's met him, you're likely to get one of two reactions: tight-lipped silence, or complete, unhinged rage. From guys it's a completely different story, though. When his name comes up in conversation the reaction is always enthusiastic: "Geez, I remember when Animal and I were at Jeff Thompson's party—Animal musta kicked out every window in the house, and when things really got rollin' he started throwing furniture out the broken windows! Whatta guy." Animal is what you 'd call uninhibited, and he expects his women to be that way too, and if they're not he *does* something about it. He refers to himself as a "Love Warrior," a title I have no reason to dispute.

Anyway, when Animal visited Mexico he did something that earned him his reputation as a mentor for the Necros. Dressed in his finest Don Johnson/Miami Vice suit, he paid ten Mexican children a dime apiece to carry him around all day on a makeshift sedan chair. He paid another kid a penny to document the "event" on film. Everyone in our entourage thought this was one of the coolest things an American abroad could do—the perfect 80's realization of the ugly American dream. It wasn't taken to the extreme it could've been, though, because it wasn't done by us. If we'd been there, our fine brand of assholism wouldn't only have been felt by a pack of dirty brats—no way! We'd have gone out of our way to make anyone who came into contact with us feel like total shit—it's a Necros tradition. Using his antics as a guide, it was our goal to make Animal look like a one-man benevolence society. If we left even one smiling face in Tijuana we would deem our mission a failure.

The last thing we needed before hittin' T.J. was some sort of gargantuan symbol of our white anglo-assholishness. Halloran mentioned that his grandparents had a huge Airstream trailer that they used for trips to New Mexico, and even though he protested like crazy we convinced him that we could only be seen in such a fine city as Tijuana riding in what most of the locals would consider a mansion. The trailer was 25 feet long, silver, immaculate, and gleaming in the sun like a new tin can. The windows had checkered flannel curtains ("Cottage like," Andy said), and inside it featured all the touches of home that road-tripping Grandmas always seem to require ("Welcome to our Home" plaques, etc.), while the back of the trailer was covered with stickers ("Visit South of the Border", "I've been to Walled Drug", etc.), and prominently displayed was, of course, a sticker of everyone's pal, "Good Sam."

Getting the Airstream across the border wasn't nearly the hassle I'd imagined it would be. After we told the border guards we were opening a taco stand/ bookmobile to feed the street kids as well as teach 'em about American culture, they were pretty mellow about it. Once we got the trailer over the border we drove downtown and unhooked it from the van. Within seconds, gangs of filthy, malnourished street urchins straight out of Bunuel's *Los Olividados* were crowding around us, trying to sell us gum or whatever else they thought we'd buy. Of course we got the obligatory "Want to buy my sister?" and from me they got the obligatory "Not unless we can watch her blow a donkey." After the dust cleared and I got the brats to shut the hell up, I told them to "Gather 'round, kids," in my most sincere impression of Fred MacMurray. "Y'know kids, in America, where we're from, there are lots of strange customs. When an American boy is growing up, as you boys are, it's considered a great honor to lug around a big silver trailer filled with weird-looking adults like us. In fact, even some of your most successful fellow Latinos have lugged many an Airstream. Like one of your ex-Presidents, Freddy Fender. Besides being a damn fine singer, he pulled one of these things day in and day out. So you young fellas ought to be proud to have been picked out of all the nice kids here in Tijuana. It's sort of like winning a contest."

****....with a gun in her hand..."****



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"We don't care 'bout no contest shit, man," said a particularly scummy young Tijuanan,"We don't do nothing for free!"

"Hey kids, I wouldn't think of it! As entrepreneurial as you tykes look I'd be insane to think otherwise. I'm prepared to dole out the immense sum of 25¢ apiece for your services. Howza 'bout it?"

"Okay, gringo," said the obvious leader. All the kids looked like those cheesy paintings you see in doctors' offices. You know, the ones with sad eyes about the size of basketballs. Except these kids had a real vengeful look in their eyes—a bunch of prepubescent Pancho Villas. To make sure none of these little fuckers changed their minds about our business deal, Andy and I secured them to the hitch of the trailer with ski rope. When they bitched, I just said, "Clam up, runt, think of Freddie Prinze and maybe if you do a good job someday you can come to the U.S. *legally,* and become a famous comedian/actor/drug fiend/suicide case, wouldn't your mamacita be proud then, huh?" So anyway we put the little rats out in front of our "chariot of good feeling" and screamed at 'em to haul ass or else. The kids could really pull the thing and hardly complained at all. Pretty soon we were going at a decent clip—well actually at parade speed,which was fine by me.

Since we have the attention spans of four-year-olds we had enough foresight to bring along "coach entertainment." "Guns 'n booze—they've kept America great for 211 years!" roared Andy, with a bottle of Tequila in one hand and an Uzi blurt gun in the other. I told him to reserve the blurt gun for tourists who were dressed up. If he nailed the locals they might mistake the paint splotches for some sort of South-of-the-border tie-dye. "We don't wanna risk makin' anyone happy. Ruin a tourist's clothes and it'll fuck up their vacation for sure," I said. I 'd brought my favorite illegal weapon—a Glock that shoots salt. Peg someone in the ass with this baby and they'll be uncomfotable for a loooong time. Ron brought along a Taser, as he was assigned security duties for the trailer. If anyone "undesirable" (i.e. anyone not with us) got near the trailer it'd be zap city for them, and a laff-Olympics for us. Ron, Andy , and I may have had some pretty entertaining firearms, but our man (and roadie) Herb won the award for the vilest one, hands down. He only had a squirt gun, but it was filled with a fermented concoction of jism, piss, pureed shit, dirty river water, snot, and bum spit. "Hoo Ha!" Herb laughed, "Wait'll I spray down some folks with this God-nectar—they'll be smellin' *fine.*" Todd and Halloran were weaponless, but of course they both had good stiff drinks. Halloran had a bar in mind that he thought we'd find interesting. As we headed toward it, Andy and Herb were taking pot shots left and right. Andy kept yelling "Kerblammo!!" while Herb aimed for people's drinks, as we were passing some sidewalk cafes. Every time he'd get some of the "nectar" in their glass he'd yell "Skol!" or "Bottoms up!" I'd yet to find a target worthy of my Glock so I just kicked back and laughed at my trigger-happy pals.

So anyway the first stop was a bar whose name, loosely translated, was "Slimy bar where drinks are super-cheap, but that's only 'cause the clientele are hairy men dressed as women who don't look even remotely feminine."

Imagine men in floor-length skirts made from table cloths dancing to special Salsa dance mixes of the B-52s. Okay, Coronas were a quarter, so I could stand the place for a while. But Herb, on the other hand, was shitting 'cause every drag queen in the joint (90% of the people there) was winking, waving, etc...at him. I think they sensed his homophobia. One of them came over to our table and introduced her/himself as Juanita and sat down next to Herb, who got all pissed, saying, "Let's get the fuck out of here, now!" He was shooting mean looks and his water gun at all the queens, many of whom thought it was his own special way of flirting and opened their mouths. At first, Herb was laughin' 'cause they were guzzlin' the gun's contents, but they weren't bummin' on it at all, so he turned to me and asked for the Glock. "Not until you pick one of these lovely ladies to be your bride." I pointed to one that closely resembled the Frito Bandito with a padded bra and told him to go for it. He looked to the rest of the band for some kind of moral support but they were too busy looking back and forth in unison from one of the drag queens to Herb. This is a silent game we often play, which if it were vocalized would go something like: "See that sick, sweaty transvestite? The one in the house coat and blue eyeshadow? Doesn't he just make you sick? Well then why did you suck him off in the bathroom?" Meanwhile ol' Juanita was gettin' real forward with Herb, trying to grab his tool, and I kept egging "her" on by saying shit like "Y'know, as soon as we walked in I could tell Herb liked you, he thought that out of all the foxy babes in this joint you were the sweetest. He told me so just before you came over and sat down." Herb couldn't deal any more 'cause every one of us was making fun of him in our own way. I was the most blatant, but he was the most annoyed by everyone playing the eye game with him. Even Halloran, who was supposed to be the diplomatic host, was sayin' that he knew Herb would really like this place and that if Herb wanted to sleep there, what with his new girlfriend and all , they could rent a room in the back and we could pick him up later, etc...So Herb split outta the bar, but not too quickly to snap up my Glock and let fly with a round of salt.

Even as nellied out as these "ladies" were, they were still pretty pissed about being shot at by a bunch of loud-mouthed, beer-swilling honkey-asses, and I had visions of Alamo *Numero Dos* runnin' through my crocked head, but we had nary a second to worry about our outraged fey-buddies when Herb came back in, even more freaked out, on account of the Tijuana version of the Dead End Kids—they'd made off with the chariot! "Don't worry, we'll catch those little fucks," I said in my finest Frank Booth accent. They were only about half a mile down the road.

This was the first chance I'd gotten to see Tijuana since we'd been there. It was as unimpressive as I figured it'd be. Take any town the Southwest, beat the shit out of it with a crowbar, throw dust on it, and you'd have Tijuana. Definitely a sucky place, except we did run past a big neon sign that said "Hot Disco"

By the time we caught up to the Airstream I was really mad so I started kicking the kids in the ass and co-co butting their heads together. "What's the meaning of this shit? I offer you little assholes the chance to participate in a great American custom, and what do you do? You try to rip us off. In America, if you try to steal the "Chariot of Good Feeling" there's only one punishment. They put you in a little shack, put your dick in a vice, weld the vice shut , hand you a dull butter knife and then light the shack on fire! Whattaya think about that, huh?" Then I emphasized my statement with a few more kicks and slaps. One of the smaller kids who spoke no English started to talk to me but of course I had no idea what he was saying. Herb said he was explaining about the plight of his people, the shitty economy, political turmoil, etc...and I'm like "Yeah, well tell Che Guevara all about it, cause I don't give a shit." The main complaint though, was about their wages—they'd have to be doubled or they wouldn't budge an inch. "Geez, I dunno...50¢ is pretty fuckin' steep. What are you kids, sissies? The trailer has wheels, I don't see how big of a hassle it could be." They seemed pretty adamant about it, so of course we said okay, we'd pay—like we had any intention of paying them in the first place.The chariot was rollin' again and we were headed toward a restaurant out of town. Halloran said that the place we were going was a real Tijuanan supper club. It sounded cool to me, because even though we were all way loaded, we were also hungry. About this time, Ron, who really is more of a pothead (he kept talkin' about how he wanted to find some "bitchin' 'lumbo" and "happenin' scree") , was a lot drunker than he should have been. He started brandishing the taser and made everyone really uptight. Luckily we got to the restaurant pretty quickly and Ron started to mellow out 'cause we found him some "bitchin' 'lumbo" to huff on.

What Halloran failed to mention about this establishment was that...well, let's put it this way: the name of the restaurant was "Strip-n-Chow." After the transvestite bar we should've known. Remember the adage, "Money talks and bullshit walks"? Well down here you can make your money talk for years. The meals were cheap, so in Ugly American style we ordered loudly, gutturally, and in English. "Bring us some more goddamn fucking beer, el pronto!" "20 more quesadillas,

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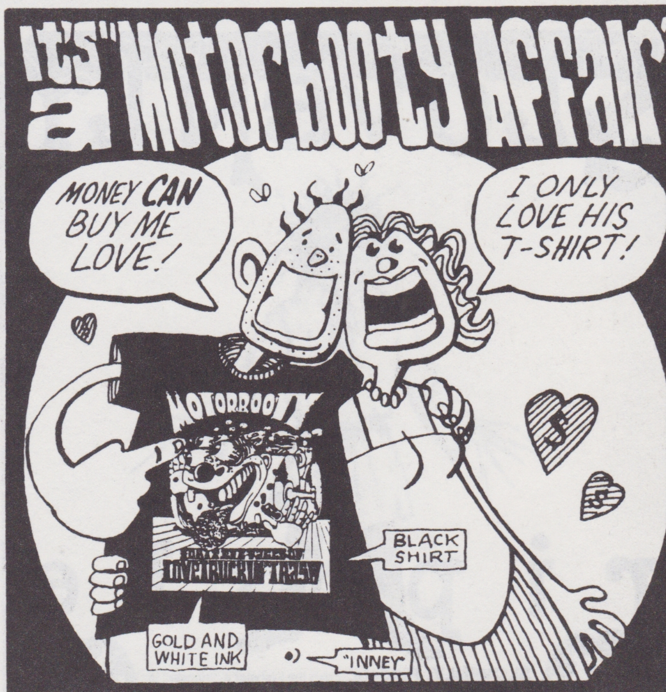

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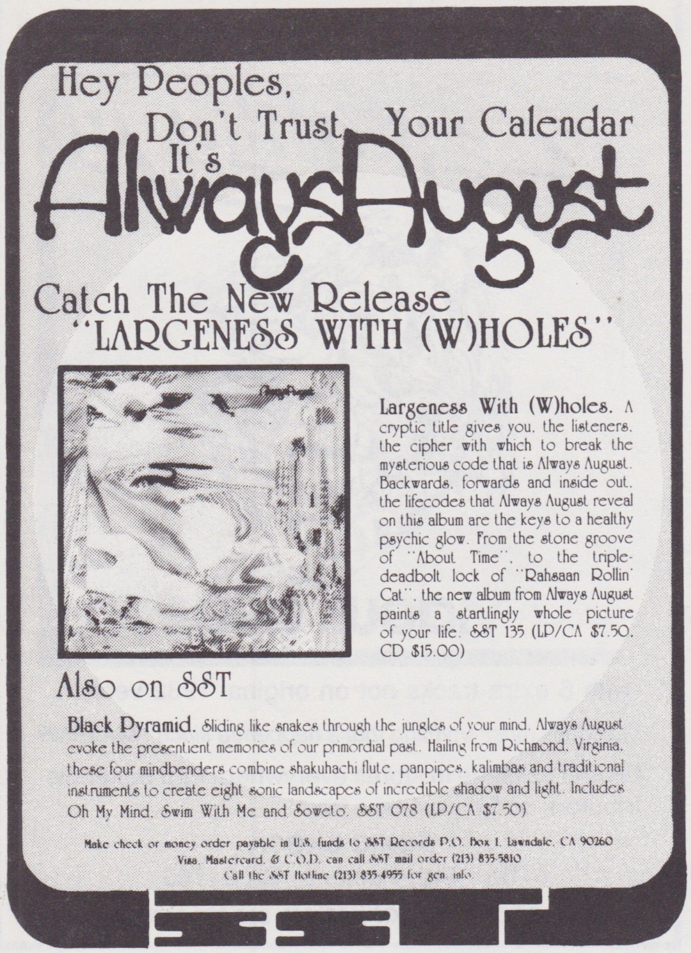

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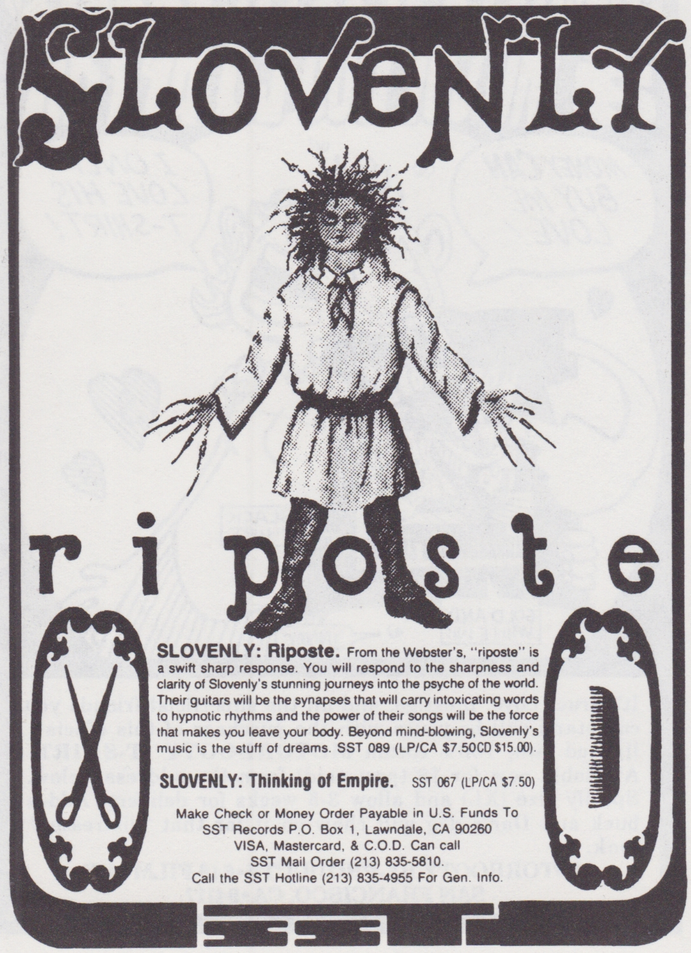

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chop fucking chop!" The meal itself was amazing, even though Ron, displaying his typical restaurant paranoia, said "I bet the burrito meat is really dog."

About halfway through the meal a bevy of chesty broads came out and started dancing around to more of that B-52s-gone-Salsa shit. I fired the Glock at the juke box, but it wouldn't stop the quirky, peppy/fucking horrible music. Some of the other patrons were getting up and dancing with the ladies, trying to cop sly feels and shit, and I thought I was gonna puke. We tried to encourage Herb to shake it with one of the babes, but he wasn't game at all. I think the strippers noticed our lack of interest, so they started cruising by our table and flirting. I told everyone we should get all lewd with them and say things like "Get down Mama! Shake it don't break it, wrap it up and I'll take it!" But no one thought I was funny, and they went on ignoring the strippers. Those bitches were determined though—one of them started dancing on our table, and she wasn't too careful about it, either, knocking over our drinks, etc., until Andy started yelling, "Look, Charo, we're trying to eat! Get the fuck off our table!" She just looked insulted, kicked over a few more drinks, and jumped off. No sooner was the first stripper off than another was on and then another and another. Each time Andy would go into a frenzy, and by the sixth or seventh stripper our whole table was just seething.

But one of these babes was completely oblivious to our rage. Now, I can't picture an attractive Tijuanan stripper, and none of these women were within continents of being considered even average, but I surely can picture an ingenious one. Sensing the twistedness of our personalities and completely disregarding our foul moods, this last "temptress" dove onto our table, and in one sweeping motion she cleared it of all bottles, plates, and silverware! She handed me a Bic lighter and as she crouched on all fours told me to "light her fire." I'm like 'yeah, I'd really pork a Mexican stripper bearing a striking resemblance to Ruth Buzzi.' But that's not what she meant, as the next thing she did was let fly with the nastiest bun clapper this side of Guatemala—she made our whole table cough. Judging by the intensity of the stench wind we surmised that she had been saving it up for months. When you lit 'em though, the smell dissipated, so we soon were in ignition city, our foul moods turning into grins. The sight of a scaggy stripper pullin' a Gene Simmons from the wrong end made the whole trip—hell, the whole tour—worthwhile. At one point the methane flame she was bustin' out singed Herb's eyebrows, and of course everyone was in hysterics except Herb. He retaliated by squirting her in the snatch with his squirt gun, thinking it'd be funny if it gave her vaginitis—whatta jerk. This babe's fart torchin' kept us captiviated for a good two hours. Even though you couldn't smell 'em (thank God), you sure could see and hear 'em (she sounded like a Piper Cub coming in for a landing). The record for flame length was three feet (it was a mere two foot blast from her turd cutter that rendered Herb browless).

All of us were exhausted as we left the restaurant. The trailer, of course, had been stolen. Halloran suddenly became all hysterical and concerned. He started babbling about how his grandparents would have heart attacks, etc.... I said "Look, Halloran, don't you think that it might be for the better?

"No," he said, "You don't understand how they love their Airstream."

"Fuck that," I said, that's what insurance is for. I mean think of all the Hagar slacks and stupid turtle necks and all the other cheesy shit you got for Christmas from your Grandparents, and how embarassing it was when you hadda try it on."

"Well," he said, "I mean, they tried."

"Fuck trying, Halloran," I looked right and left, up and down the street and said, "I tried looking for their stupid trailer, let's grab a taxi back." On the way back the rest of the band convinced him that we were right. He ended up seeing things our way. Most everyone usually does.

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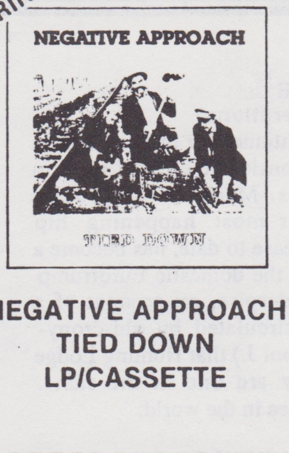

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Steve Albini

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Fried Milk. The Tar Babies are three guys who call Madison, Wisconsin home. Left to their own devices away from the big-city trend setters, the Tar Babies have created a style of music distinctly their own. Using punk/funk/jazz and just about anything else that they could think of as a base, this will make any music fan smile. Smooth and cool, this guitar-based mix of fun rocks.
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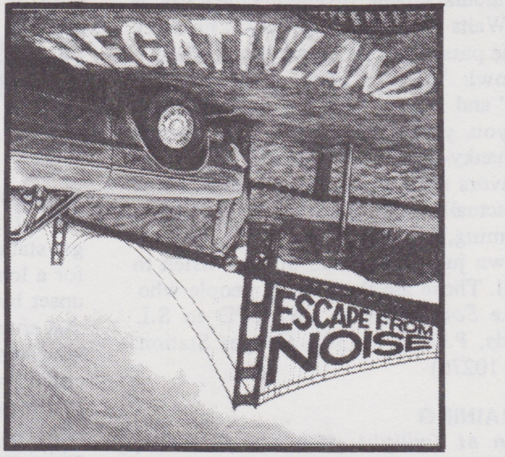

Practically every other album ad in this magazine is either promoting or reflecting the stress of modern living. Now, after four years of quiet preparation comes ESCAPE FROM NOISE. Negativland's new LP comfortably enfolds you into an ever-changing audio landscape which is delightfully pockmarked with gentle challenges at every conceptual U-turn. This complexly stunning studio opus also blends Negativland's sharp attack and aggressive beauty with the sizzling sparkle only contemporary technology can provide.

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VINYL DUMP.

HUNTING LODGE
***8 Ball* (S/M Operations)**

The hard luck continues for the Port Huron group that many consider the finest rap trio since the Fat Boys. Much to the group's dismay, this, their most happening hip hop/speedmetal release to date, has become a monster hit among the domestic Eurofrump disco crowd they despise, on account of a rumor (allegedly circulated by old-crony-turned-rival L.L. Kool J.) that Hunting Lodge and Skinny Puppy are one in the same. There's just no justice in the world.

THE LAUGHING HYENAS
***Merry Go Round* (Touch and Go)**

There's little point in rehashing last issue's thinly-veiled raves about these glory-bound bastards, because talk is cheap and this slab speaks much better for them than I can. But Buster, you'd best listen up...

WHITE ZOMBIE
***Soul Crusher* (Silent Explosion)**

White Zombie is like this loud-mouthed, clench-faced, piss-stained eyesore of a bum, obviously prematurely released from the Ypsilanti Regional Psychiatric Hospital, who stomps around downtown cursing the traffic in a Tom Waits voice (only this guy is for real). When he passes you he'll look you in the eye and growl: "You're gonna fall one day, mister," and if you keep walking he'll yell "Fuck you, ya gotdamnmutherfuckin'funny lookin'hanky-headedsonuvabitch!" and throw party favors until you're out of range. Most people actually cross the street when they see him coming, but there are others who go downtown just to flip him off and listen to him yell. Those are the kind of people who will like *Soul Crusher*. ($7 PPD to S.I. Reynolds, P.O. Box 1364, Cooper Station, NY NY 10276)

IT'S RAINING
***Awaken at Twilight* (Certain Records)**

Because no one really knew what he looked like, we used to show up at local watering holes claiming to be It's Raining's lead crooner/tearjerker Matt, running up huge tabs, insulting other patrons, and getting away with it on account of the band's crybaby cult status. But now that their video is getting heavy rotation on MTV, we've switched to impersonating Mitch Ryder's daughter.

—Bob Barillo

SOUND GARDEN
***Screaming Life EP* (Sub Pop)**

The evening that classes ended after my senior year of high school, I ended up chewing shoe with a bunch of feathered-hair burnouts, as a couple hundred of us graduates-to-be enjoyed one last blast of adolescent bozohood in a nearby parking lot. I guzzled Strohs and wished it was Mickey's, while car tape decks kicked out *Led Zeppelin IV* when they should've been cranking *Physical Graffiti*. My companions, unable to appreciate this adultless oasis, fired bottle rockets at the neighbors, bringing the cops.

One good argument for birth control

Most of my graduating class now works in gas stations. Led Zeppelin has been broken up for a long time now and I can't say I'm too upset by it. Zeppelin did all sorts of things that sounded pretty amazing with a brew in your hand, but they could also be flatulent at crucial moments like no other group could. Fortunately, today there is a whole new breed of bands that do the things that Zep did right while avoiding the shtick that could make it sound like a medieval wedding band. Seattle's Sound Garden are part of this modern gang that's been appropriating 70s hard rock structures and infusing them with p. rock energy, in the process eliminating the yawning leads and lyrics about dick size. Some groups, like Green River and the Necros, stray a little too closely to the fine line between AOR and underground, while others, like the Melvins, bend 70s rock over their knee and spank its bottom until they leave an indelible handprint. Sound Garden fit into the happy medium, invoking Zeppelin without acoustic chord progressions or references to "Golem the Evil One." The songs on *Screaming Life* either boil at high speed or cook at a slow simmer, alternating between garage grunge feedback and polished studio shimmer. The guitars are tense and agitated, the bass is leadfoot heavy, the drums have the whump and thump of Stonehenge funk, the vocals are clear and precise, drawing more from Robert Plant's trademark *coitus interruptus* whoops than the school of Cave caveman-isms, and included in the lyrics is the best-turned phrase of '87: "the hand of God has got a ring about the size of Texas." Solid though it is, this record record isn't going to change anyone's life, but it's perfect to drink to. Elephant, this time.

—*Mike Rubin*

ELVIS HITLER
***Disgraceland* (Wanghead)**

Thankfully for Elvis Hitler, *Disgraceland* is a great name for a record, especially for someone with Elvis as a moniker. I say thankfully because the moniker as a whole sucks. That aside I'm damn impressed with the record 'cause Elvis Hitler was one of those acts I always tried to miss when I went to a show with them on the bill. As I sit here, thousands of miles from Detroit, I kick myself for all those missed opportunities and wouldn't mind having a second chance to check these clowns out—not that I'd come all the way back or anything. But this record is really good—cowpunk slop pulled off with a chili-size mule kick. Side two tapers a bit, but it's nowhere near as sleep-inducing as the last Gun Club album, so my thumb stays up.

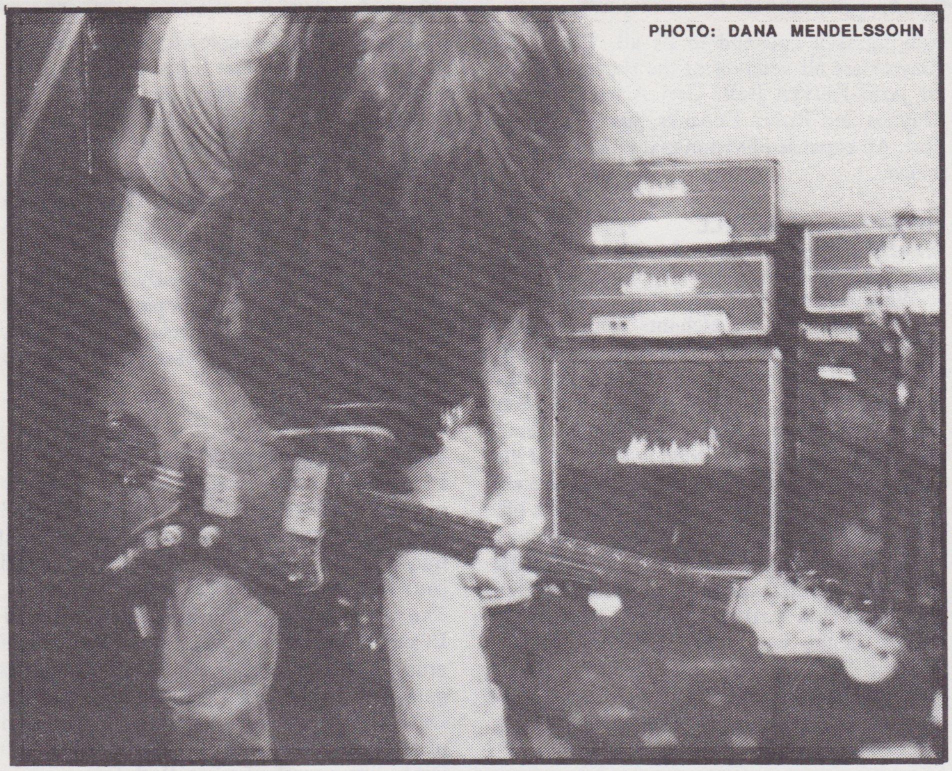
LIVE SKULL
***Dusted* (Homestead)**

What I heard at my new job: "Why do you have dreams about Ballpark Franks?"..."My boyfriend is into Skinny Puppy, but I like Jackson Browne"..."A guy in Baltimore named Carlo is selling a '74 Plymouth Barracuda (with 350 engine) for $850"

What I heard once at my old job: "Does anyone want this Uzi promo?"..."Does anyone want this Live Skull promo?"..."Does anyone need a ride to Peter Case?"

In the early 1970s, when my tiny gonads were at the mercy of recurring tides of hormones, muscle cars were my obsession. Big ass Dodge Chargers, Plymouth Roadrunners and Furys with really wide tires. Careening tons of metal that spewed out carcinogens non-stop. I memorized the options and pondered the significance of cams and mag wheels while the high school kids had Earth Day rallies.

By now you might have heard that Thalia Zadek from Dangerous Birds and Uzi has



Dinosaur Jr.: "Combo amps are for fags"

joined Live Skull. By now, but don't count on it, the Skull posse should've shed that NY noise band yoke (I promise not to mention the "SY" band). The mall chicks where I work now and the college radio divas (Hi Gretchen) where I used to work would probably come to the same conclusion about *Dusted*. But I reckon that it would sound mighty fine while plowing down Erie Boulevard (right by the intersection of The Yellow Balloon/Lost Horizon, the bridge to East Syracuse and the old Curry Cafeteria) in Carlo's 350 Barracuda, leaving a trail of skronk and pollutants behind. *—Bruce Adams*

THE YOUNG GODS
***The Young Gods* (U.K. Product, Inc.)**

If I was a young skinhead toolin' around town in big punk rock boots, I wouldn't have "GBH" or Misfits skulls painted on the back of my jacket—I'd scrawl "The Young Gods" across it.

If I was a college student with a shock of unruly hair and a smelly flannel shirt, I wouldn't read the Village Voice's latest review by Cap'n Chuck on the Wishbone Ash Peel sessions EP. I'd get my haircut, buy a suit and tie, go down to Bennigan's, spend lots of cash, lure some secretary from Domino Farms to my crib and get mud on the turtle while I played the Young Gods really loud. Really loud.

The Young Gods album may very well be one of those records you'll listen to five years from now and ask "Why did I buy that Red Kross album anyway?" Real drums, gruff vocals that actually make French sound scary, and sampling. Not James Brown horn lines or American TV preachers, but concise, white-hot fragments of orchestras or guitars that hit you between the eyes like railroad spikes. If Mr. Eddy and his proteges could tear themselves away from worship of HM/phallic string-benders they might be able to dig the kinetic bursts of sampled guitars that animate "Jimmy" and "A Ciel Ouvert." No self-indulgent soloing, just pure shards of noise sampled or looped in the cogent riff form.

The young Gods are not without antecedents; Can and Neubauten come to mind immediately. Unlike the Sherwood/Mafia axis they don't push up the recording levels to achieve a sort of sonic overload. The blasts of noise are well-defined and pointed. Unlike a lot of "industrial" records, this one doesn't white-wash the entire sound spectrum with noise. There are spaces of silence. Producer Roli Mossiman (Swans, Wiseblood...) has done an excellent job of preserving the clarity and punch on tape.

This is the future, not some return to a hazy past of perfect FM radio where Pharoah Sanders is on the playlist alongside Uriah Heep. The Young Gods use technology to stride across the current underground landscape like Visigoths, taking what they want and leaving scorched earth behind. *—B. Adams*

HENRY ROLLINS
***Big Ugly Mouth* (Texas Hotel)**

Big Ugly Mouth is a series of live spoken-word performances that took place in February '87. Rollins is by no means a polished orator, but his ability to communicate is top-notch. He comes across as a moody but rational and sane white male of twenty-six years, fairly normal in many respects except for the fact that he's a master storyteller, and very funny. And *Big Ugly Mouth* is indeed comedy—angry, sarcastic, and satirical. Rollins is no stand-up comic, but he's funnier than any I've heard in a long time, because he covers subjects most other comics wouldn't touch. Rollins' "beating off" rap is too true, and so self-deprecating that no standard "comedy crowd" would want to stick around for it. And when he describes the harsh reality of a five year old boy who can't figure out which monstrous and depressing project he and his child-beating, self-hating parents inhabit, Rollins is well aware of the effects his carefully-chosen details will have on his audience, and knowing this "Project Story" risks being too depressing for normal, comedy fare, he even states afterwards: "Don't even think about it. You wanna know why? Because it's too fucking depressing!" Rollins' storytelling skill makes this a comedy record which transcends that particular genre, and does so as effectively as Lenny Bruce's stuff. I can't speak highly enough of this. *—Mike Stand*

UGLY BUT PROUD
***Knuckles From Nowhere* 7"**
(Depression)

Toss the disposable sleeve/lyric sheet and you're left with a debut disc that's pretty relentless. Definitely "speedmetal" and locked in fifth gear more often than not, these four songs nevertheless pack a serious caveman whomp. Led by a Dave Mustaine-throated ex-Negative Approach guitarist (in concert, UBP have been known to throw down an extended version of NA's "Whatever I Do") and guided by the spirit of Kim, their catatonic human mascot (the band parks him onstage and feeds him cigs throughout shows), Ugly But Proud drive their thing to a very loud point just this side of chaos and manage to hang on. While they aren't likely to win many points for innovation, they should at least be spared any kneejerk MC5/Stooges comparisons, a fact for which we should all be grateful.

FLIPSIDE VINYL FANZINE #3
(Gasatanka/Flipside)

Another Flipside compilation, this time featuring 7 Seconds, The Brigade, The Circle Jerks, and several other bands who, likewise, have great futures behind them. Please—let the dream die.

THE CRUCIFUCKS
***Wisconsin* (Alternative Tentacles)**

When Reagan visited Grand Rapids, MI, a few years ago, Secret Service agents spotted a stubby skinhead with "Hinckley had a Vision" scrawled on his dome and yanked him from the cheering crowd. Hoping to determine whether the suspect was operating alone or as part of a vast smear campaign directed against America's leaders, they subjected the kid to an extensive interrogation. He later died under mysterious circumstances, but the Crucifucks themselves haven't shut up, and their second LP proves it. Gone are the endearing days of coffee can percussion and shouts of "I want to take the President, chop off his head, and mail it to them (good Christians) in a garbage bag," but the music here is wide open in a good way, and Doc's gadfly vocals are laced with the kind of sarcastic venom that makes my day. Most critics slagged this when it came out, which ought to show who they're really working for.

JAZZIM
BY THOM JUREK

Yo yo, who got the money? Something new here at **MOTORBOOTY** besides the same old stroke-your-roll. Yep, this time around the review pages will get to some real music, like say...**JAZZ** Go ahead and groan—you're probably one of those types who want Barry Henssler to run for public office, or someone who can't listen to a band without a singer, like Alice, Iggy, or Nick. But believe it or not there are those of us who actually dig this shit above all other music, and we don't have to be guilt-ridden white boys about it either, as some WCBN disc jockeys are wont to be. Well, enough of this shit, on to the jams.

BOB BERG
***Short Stories* (Denon)**

Though I've always dug Berg, when I first looked at the lineup on the back of this CD, I found little to be excited about; I saw names of people that guaranteed me this disc would be a pile of dross: David Sanborn, Robby Kilgore, and Don Grolnick. Fusioneers of the worst order. I mean after all, Berg has incredible credentials. Cedar Walton's Eastern Rebellion. Miles. His own dates with guys like the ever-great Al Foster. His live date *Steppin* is one of the most emotional sides I've ever heard in the last ten years. Supposedly he just got over the methadone thing cold turkey, and was so drunk that he can't remember playing the date! The ravaged sound of his tenor translates pain and frailty into power. So I'm sure you can see why I was more than just a little suspicious when I saw the names of these lames in the credits. All that worry for nothing. Even though I'd passed on the side when in the store, my old buddy and ace tenorman Mark Kieme played it for me at work one day and I realized that these wimps added something necessary to the date, a bit of background in the quiet sections. Like strings on those old Ben Webster Verve sessions. The textures that Bob and guitar man Mike Stern play off of are just the beginnings, these two guys weave in and out of the mix to create an entire language, not one that has never been seen before, but an embellishment on the principle that jazz is street music, for people, not intellectuals. Judging by the way it's selling, the people hear that too. Bob Berg has a voice that rings out in his horn and through his compositions. Great record, buy it.

STEVE COLEMAN
***World Expansion* (JMT)**

Here is indeed something interesting. The music on this thing ranges from street funk to all-out blowing ala Art Ensemble of Chicago. Coleman has assembled a troupe of musicians in much the same way George Clinton and Adrian Sherwood have, and he makes it happen with saxophones, voices, guitars, synthesizers, drums and drums and drums. The music always finds a groove and moves around it, never staying in one place too long. This motherfuckin' thing makes you want to party and dance and fuck. A joyous noise that shows another side to this extremely versatile player and composer. Cassandra Wilson's singing is a godsend to us all. The other players are all veterans of the Harlem school of jazz: Kelvyn Bell, Geri Allen, Graham Haynes and Robin Eubanks, just to name a few. An expanse of vision that pumps up your blood.

HENRY THREADGILL
***Easily Slip into Another World* (Novus, RCA)**

Well the swingmaster is at it again, laying down mysterious tune/chants from another place. Novus should be applauded for signing this cat and Steve Lacy in the same year—this is music that the populace should have been hearing all along. Henry continues the same swinging tradition he started with Air and the early sextet sides. This time though, there are two drummers, to throw things off just a bit. The compositions are almost all originals, with the exception of an old Dara tune at the start for a little creepy fun to get things rolling. What strikes me most about this record is the way it really develops as a project. The last record on this label, *You know the Number*, did the same thing. We see the artist making his musicians a direct thing in this way, like the whole date was conceived at the same time. From subtle to sonic the colors change but the quality remains. This is political music, music that demands to be *felt*, and actually heard. While this record is playing, there is no way to ignore it, you must participate and decide. If you don't decide to like it, I'll slap you upside the head. Oh yeah, Henry dresses up like Papa Doc on the cover, get it?

SONNY SHARROCK
***Seize the Rainbow* (Enemy)**

The record to make all of you rock shitheads sit up and take notice. Hell, even the Necros dig this bitch, and Dylan Cohl says it's the LP of the year, though it did come out in '86. And former Laughing Hyena Mike "The Dan Man" Danner says "It rocks my ass," and is taping it for everyone in sight, sort of frothing at the mouth, *dig?* One other enticemment: the mother is domestic. So what the fuck are you waiting for? Guitar, bass, drums. Kick the shit out of a rhino's ass at a hundred miles. No shitty fusion here, just balls-out wailin', without guitar techno-bullshit. Bill Laswell is a fuckin' god for diggin' this behemoth out of the dirt. My ass started movin' the minute "Dick Dogs" started crankin'. Forget Gone, this dude jams—I heard even Lemmy digs it. In case you didn't know it, this guy is something of a legend, in that during the 60's he played with Pharoah Saunders and did a couple of his own recs, and they were so weird that folks wondered if he could play at all. Well dig, 'cause I'm preachin' here: those platters were cool as shit, and this blows them out of existence. You know what to do now. I will go one step further, though. If any of you assholes buy this and don't like it (of course this doesn't include skinheads, who are too stupid to read, let alone really hear), I will personally buy back your copies at full retail to pass along to my deserving friends, provided you supply a receipt. A no-lose proposition.

BUD POWELL
***Time Was* (Bluebird/RCA) CD only**

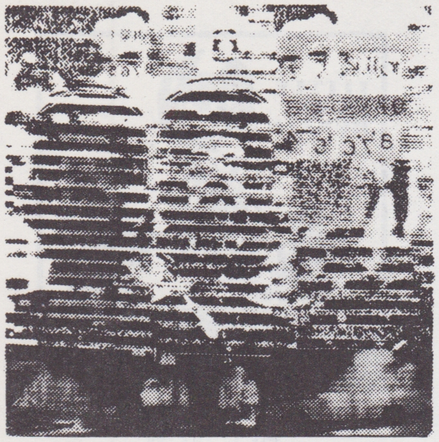
I have no idea how to tell about this except to say that this was the master at his best. 18 tunes of incredible breadth and energy that transcend the bebop image. Bud was a tortured soul and the two sets on this CD prove it. The raw emotion on this side is equal to Bill Evans' Paris concert when he knew he was going to die. Powell's rhythm section is as good as they get, with Art Taylor andGeorge Duvivier on drums and bass respectively. Bud played the ballads as furiously as the bop jams...like a motherfucker. Both forms are in evidence here, with Powell trading off shines and licks with his rhythm section and going for the unexpected each time. Bud was the horrible beauty of jazz, the guy who felt every bust or critic's remark. If you can't hear the warmth in this, you're fuckin' dead.

DAVID MURRAY
***Recording NYC 1986* (DIW, Japan)**

I've got to hand it to this label, the records they've issued so far have all been great: two AEC discs, a George Adams/Blood Ulmer *Phlanx Session*, and now this side of pure unabashed blowing from Murray. Dig the cats on this thing: Blood Ulmer on guitar, Fred Hopkins (from Air) on bass, and the master mofo on skins, Sonny Murray. This bastard jams from the minute you put it on til you put on again. I mean Dave is a dominating dude in any setting (check out the new Clarinet Summit wax), but here, Blood is relegated to being strictly a session player—no easy feat for any leader to accomplish, including Arthur Blythe. The whole mess works with a feminine toughness that is as graceful as it is rowdy. Murray was after the big sort of Atnett Cobb sound this time and turns a great out band into a hot Texas RnB twister. This is a record that Murray practices no restraint on whatsoever. The compositions range from two rather Raymond Chandler-influenced bashes by Butch Morris to four of Murray's own tributes, including one to *Kareem*. Relentless. Highly recommended. Oh yeah, it's really expensive, but buy it anyway. What else are you gonna do with $22.50, buy food?

Well that's it for this round, and if you wonder why there were no bad reviews, it's because I wouldn't waste my time with shit I didn't like, and if you had any brains neither would you.

die kreuzen



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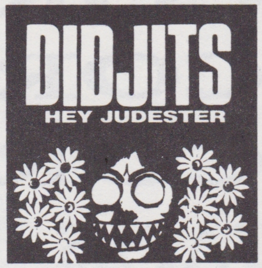
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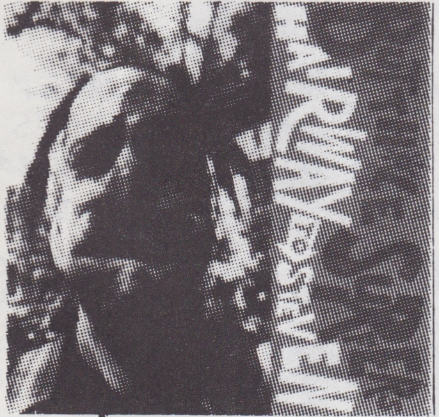
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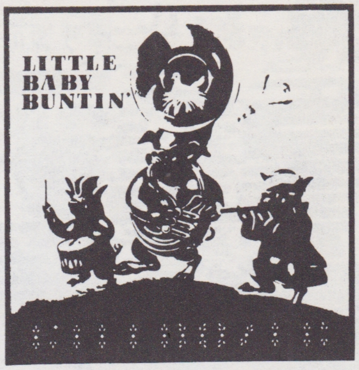

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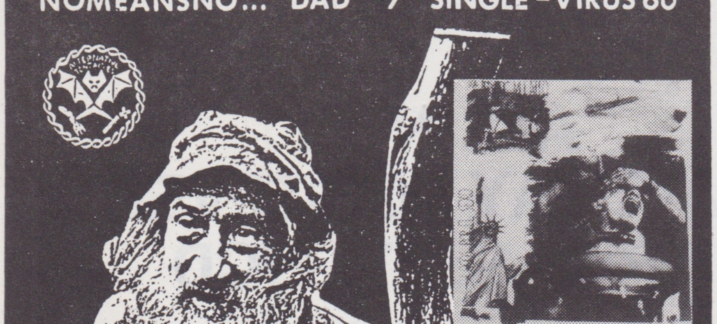

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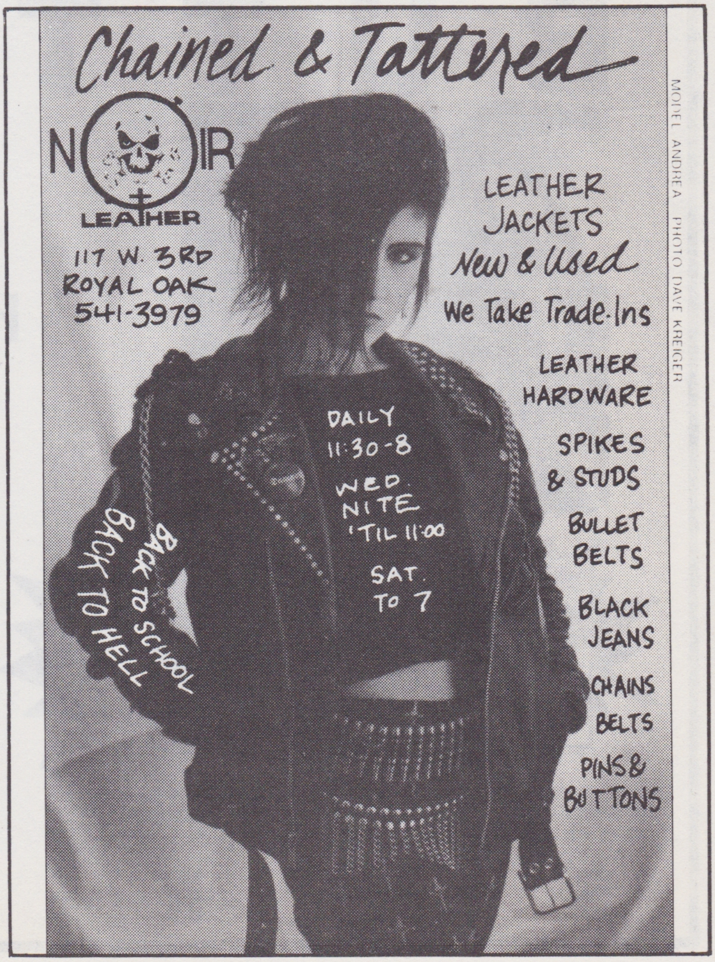

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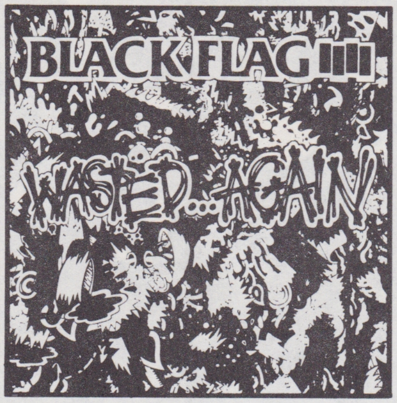
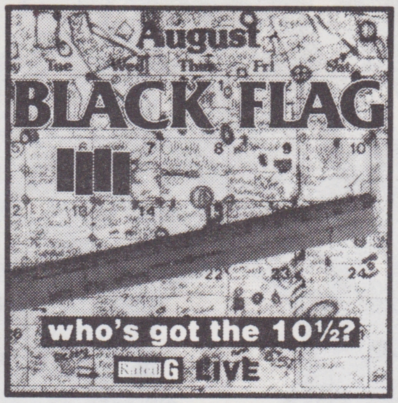
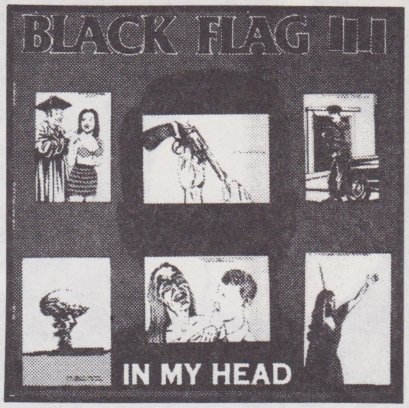
BLACK FLAG



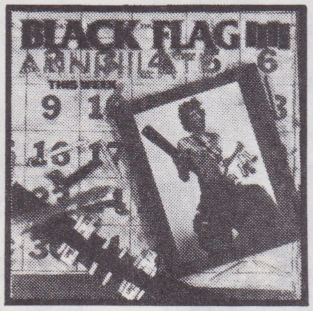
Wasted Again. Imagine if your favorite Flag party tunes of all time were put together in a room. Then, the room was filled with hundreds of your best friends. Before the cops come, you better slap on Wasted Again, a collection of all the songs that make you want to party. Six Pack, T.V. Party, Wasted, Rise Above and twelve more festive Flag tunes. SST 166 (LP/CA $7.50 CD $15.00)



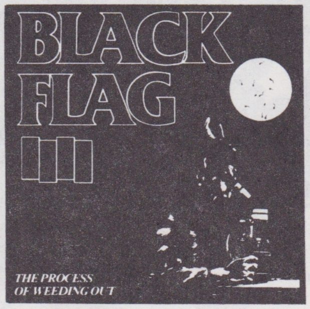
Who's Got The 10 ½? This release catches the Flag unfurled one night in Portland, Oregon. LP, 40 minutes, cassette, 70 minutes. Either version has enough Flag fury to raise the dead. Contains My War, Loose Nut, and Louie, Louie. (SST 060 LP/CA $7.50 CD $15.00)



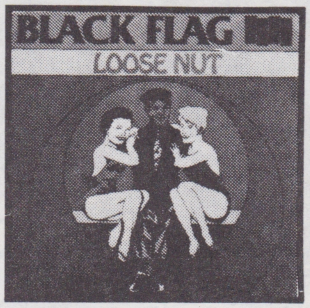
In My Head. Nine new Flag songs. Produced by Greg Ginn, this 1985 release of crunching rock tunes like Drinking And Driving and Retired At 21 destroys. Cassette features three bonus tracks. SST 045 (LP/CA $7.50 CD $15.00)



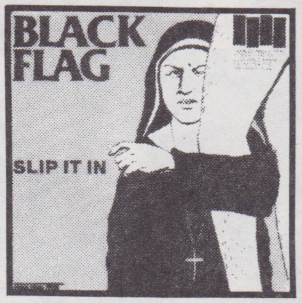
Annihilate This Week. The ultimate party anthem of all time is backed with Best One Yet and Sinking on this smoking twelve-inch by Black Flag. These three are available only on his disc and the cassette (SST 060). SST 081 (12'' 45 $5.50)


BLACK FLAG
THE PROCESS OF WEEDING OUT

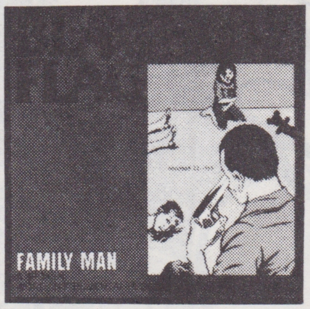
The Process Of Weeding Out. Greg, Kira and Bill combine on this 1985 recording of four instrumental cuts of pure Falg fever. Screw The Law, The Last Affront, Southern Rise, and the title track. (SST 037 12'' 45, CA $7.00)



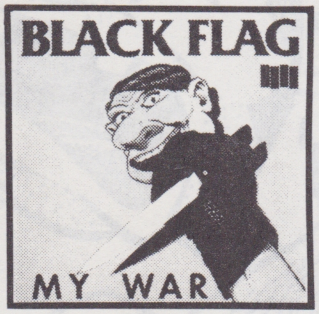
Loose Nut. 1985 saw this release of nine slabs of Flag's potent blend of metal and madness. Greg, Kira, Henry and Bill combine to create classics like Bastard In Love, Annihilate This Week plus seven. SST 035 (LP/CA $7.50 CD $15.00)



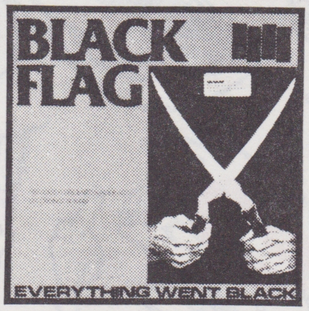
Slip It In. Released in 1984, this Flag album has Kira, Bill, Henry and Greg working through eight pile-driving songs like Slip It In, Black Coffee, My Ghetto and You're Not Evil. SST 029 (LP/CA $7.50 CD $15.00)



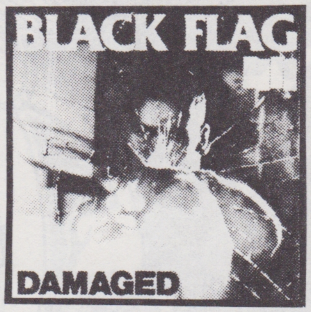
Family Man. 1984 saw the release of this stunning record that showcases the diversity of Black Flag. Side one contains nine riveting readings by Henry of his poetry. Side two has four instrumentals with bassist Kira. SST 026 (LP/CA $7.50 CD $15.00)



My War. This pivotal 1984 release features nine blasts of primal power. Henry and Greg are joined by Dale Nixon (Greg Ginn) on bass and Bill Stevenson on drums for My War, Nothing Left Inside, I Love You and six more. SST 023 (LP/CA $7.50 CD $15.00)



BLACK FLAG: Everything Went Black. A compilation released in 1983, this record examines the eras of Flag before Henry. Johnny Bob, Chavo and Dez plus outrageous radio ads. Songs include Gimmie, Gimmie, Gimmie (three versions), My Rules and Louie Louie. SST 015 (2xLP/CA $10.00 CD $15.00)



Damaged. Recorded in 1981, the songs on this LP defined an era. Dez Cadena has moved to guitar, and Henry Rollins takes over as vocalist. Stunning dual guitar Flag on: Rise Above, Damaged I & II, and 15 others. (SST 007 LP/CA $7.50) (SST 007/3 Damaged/Jealous Again CD $15.00)

The First Four Years. Sixteen classic BLACK FLAG aural riots. Originally appeared on SST 001, 003, 005, PBS 13 (infamous Louie Louie single) and two cuts from New Alliance compilations. SST 021 (CA only $7.50 CD $15.00)

Jealous Again. It's 1980 and Greg, Chuck and Robo have a new singer named Chavo. Together these four produced an american classic. Tracks include title song, Revenge, White Minority, No Values and You Bet We've Got Something Personal Against You. SST 003 (12'' 45 $6.50, included on CD 007)

Nervous Breakdown. The breakdown heard around the world in 1978. Greg Ginn, Chuck Dukowski, Brian Migdol and Keith Morris sing and play the title track plus Fix Me, I've Had It and Wasted. SST 001 (7'' 45 $3.00)

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Live '84. This is an amazingly accurate portrayal of Black Flag live in concert. The Flag roar through Six Pack, My War, Jealous Again, Slip It In, Black Coffee and fourteen other incomparable Flag tunes. SST 030 (CA only $7.50)

Six Pack. Yet another vocalist for Flag, this time in the person of one Dez Cadena. Joining up with Greg, Chuck and Robo, Dez lends his vocal talents to Six Pack, I've Heard It Before and American Waste. SST 005 (7'' 45 $3.00)

TV Party. The dual guitars of Greg and Dez fuel these three songs recorded in 1982. Bill Stevenson and Emil share drum duties on TV Party, My Rules and I've Got To Run. SST 012 (7'' 45 $3.00)

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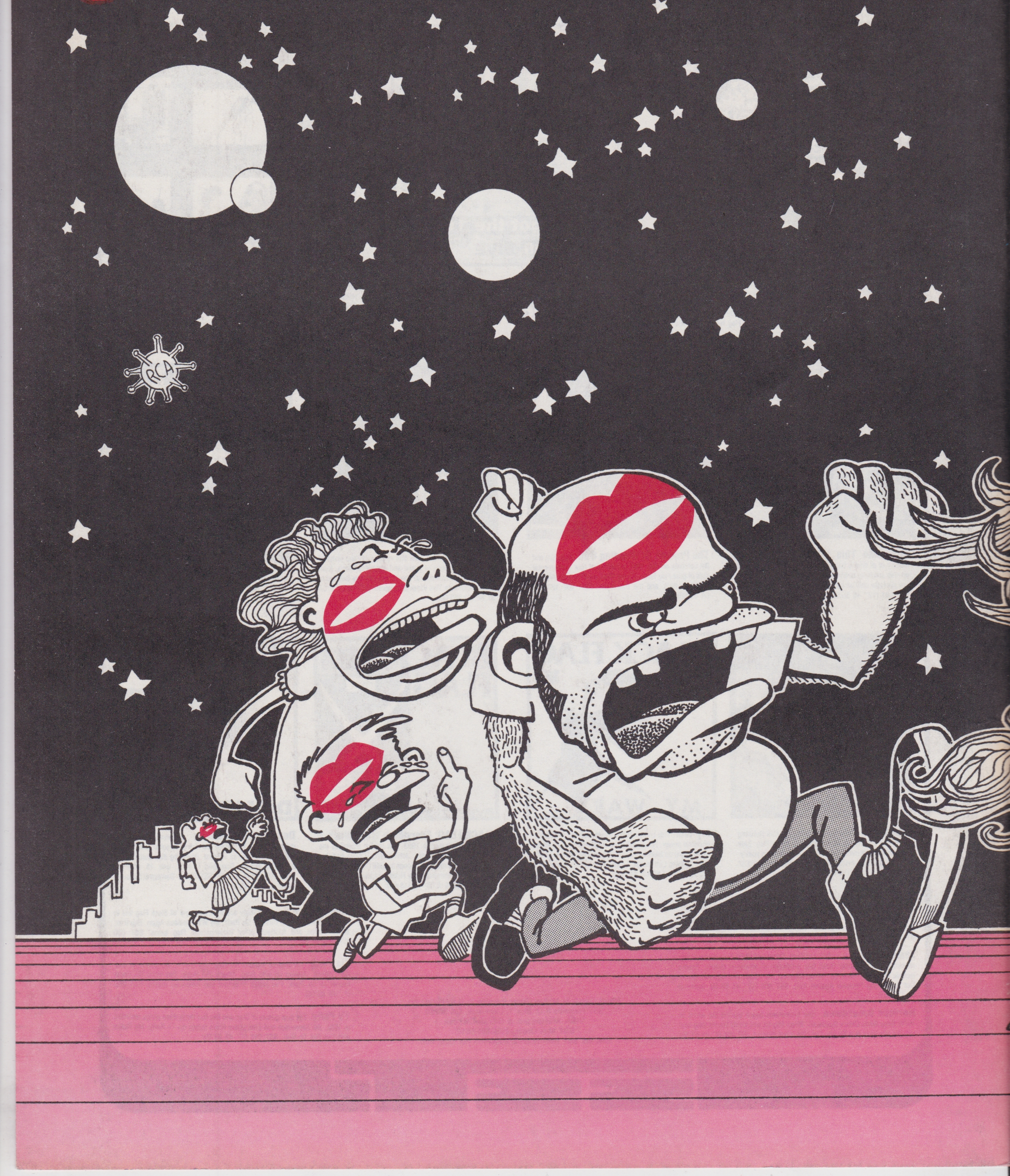$2.00